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[VOL. XIV.]

AMONG THE PHILIPPINES.*

I.

WHAT the Roman emperor, Titus, reproached himself for, figuratively, when he said he had lost a day, the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands underwent lit-



TAGAL GIRL.

cessities of existence. The policies justified by two centuries since, but changed by the growth of the world, have remained intact, the monuments of a sterile conservatism. A government which has looked on its dependencies as mere feeders of the central power—pasture-fields for the support and aggrandizement of an indolent aristocracy—and a Church which has remained rooted in all the untimely traditions of the past, have combined to blight the prosperity of some of the most fertile islands in the world. If vicinity to the United States has saved Cuba from some of such attendant evils, no such good-fortune has alleviated the lot of the Philippine Islands, located in the East Pacific, only a few days' sail from China and Japan.

In the nineteenth century, when commerce is the most important pivot on which the interests of the world swing, the trade-tactics of a nation or community speak more to the point than all other problems that can be questioned. No tropical colony is so favorably situated to serve as the principal entrepot of commerce, now growing into such large dimensions, between Asia and the western coast of America, as the Philippines, and it is only in minor matters that the Dutch and English Indies ought to compete with them for the favors of the Australian market. The position of Manila is extremely favorable to the development of a world-wide trade; its bay is one of the noblest in the world, being one hundred and twenty nautical miles in circumference, and washing the shores of five different provinces. At the

time of the northeastern monsoons all vessels making the Asiatic voyage are obliged to pass close to these favored islands. They would seem to have been designed by Fate to become a leading factor in the Oriental commerce of the world.

But the relations of trade are delicate and sensitive, and the restrictions of Spanish bigotry and intolerance have so far proved an iron cramp beyond which there is no passing. The colonial policy of Madrid has sown hatred and dissension between the different races and classes, under the idea that their union would imperil the sway of the mother-country; and that important element, the planter class, is almost entirely wanting. Pride, hatred, place-hunting, and caste hatred, are the order of the day. The crown and its favorites, until recently, have persistently thought of nothing but extracting every thing possible from the colony, and in pursuit of this policy aimed as far as possible to exclude foreigners, especially the enterprising English and French merchants, who have been attracted by the unrivaled natural facilities of Manila. The most absurd distinctions were made in favor of Spanish bottoms as against all others, and a powerful effort even made to prevent the inhabitants of the Philippines from importing articles from China and India direct.

Without further alluding to the details of the destructive policy by which Philip II. extended his influence down to the present century, it suffices to say that it is only since 1869 that any radical change for the better

erally on New-Year's day, 1844. When Magellan, in his first circumnavigation of the world, discovered the Philippines, his pursuit of the sun in his apparent daily flight around the world made a difference of time amounting to sixteen hours. When he arrived again at the longitude of his departure his log-book showed he was a day behind the time of the port. The error remained uncorrected in the Philippine Islands till about thirty years since, when, by a royal decree, it was resolved to skip New-Year's day altogether, and make the almanac right again.

This incident has a typical significance as bearing on Spain and Spanish colonies. These have for a long time been behind the rest of civilization, lost in a sluggish acquiescence with the immediate ne-



A CHURCH AND CONVENT IN MANILA.

* Travels in the Philippines. By F. Jagor. London: Chapman & Hall.

has been inaugurated. The commerce of the Philippines then ceased to be a relic of medieval barbarism by the establishment of a liberal tariff and wiser port-regulations, though the islands have as yet only commenced to arouse from the slumber of centuries.

The city proper of Manila is a hot, sun-baked place of two hundred and fifty thousand people; full of monasteries, convents, barracks, and government buildings. Its inhabitants make up a picturesque assortment of Spaniards, creoles, Tagals (natives), and Chinese. Though it shares with Goa the honor of being the oldest city in the East Indies, it is extremely provincial in appearance, and has a sombre, sullen aspect from the character of its structures, for safety, not beauty of architecture, was the aim of the founders. A handsome old stone bridge, of ten arches, crosses the Pasig, on whose banks the city is built, and more recently a costly suspension-bridge has been added to the means of inter-communication. Foreigners reside on the northern bank of the river, in Binondo, the headquarters of the wholesale and retail commerce, or in the pleasant suburban villages, which blend into a considerable whole.

There is but little social spirit, however, among the foreign residents, such as makes the mercantile colonies in other East Indian ports so pleasant. With the arrogant and envious Spaniards there is hardly any intercourse, for the latter look on the strangers as interlopers, and regard their gains as so many robberies committed on themselves. The very houses, though spacious, reflect the spirit of jealousy, distrust, and envy, which corrupts the people of the whole city. They are gloomy, ugly, and badly ventilated. Instead of light and airy *jalousies*, they are fitted with heavy sash-windows, which admit the light through their oyster-shell panes scarcely two inches square. These dwellings are, for the most part, made of planks, bamboos, and palm-leaves, supported on isolated beams or props, and the space beneath is used for warerooms or servants' offices. Such constitute the mass of the houses, though some of the foreign residents have elegant and commodious dwellings, and such have they been since the days of the adventurous Magellan.

The exterior forms of the life of Manila reflect its dullness, stagnation, and monotony. The sluggish Pasig slips along, covered with green scum, typical of the people that vegetate on its low banks. Floating on its waters dead cats and dogs, surrounded by mud, like eggs in a dish of spinach, may



MANILA DANDY.

be noticed every few rods, and in the dry season the canals and ditches of the suburbs are so many stagnant drains, exhaling poisonous vapors that breed fever and pestilence for the unacclimatized resident.

This is no inviting picture, yet Manila life has a bright and picturesque side, which interests the eye of the stranger. In the beauty of the women, who lend animation to the streets, Manila surpasses all other towns of the Indian Archipelago. Not a few French travelers have depicted these in glowing words. Alexandre Dumas wrote a charming description of Manila street-life in the very amusing "*Aventures d'un Gentilhomme Breton*," the materials of which were furnished by a French planter, M. de la Gironière, himself the author of a very entertaining book on life in the Philippines. De la Gironière, who married a beautiful and wealthy Spanish half-caste lady, however, saw life generally *couleur de rose*, and paints with a warm, rich coloring, very different from the keen, prosaic method of observing characteristic of our present author, Mr. Jagor, though the latter indulges in a qualified admiration of the noticeable comeliness of the Tagal women.

Many of the prettiest "Indians" are of the fair European type, and thereby easily distinguished from their sisters of the outlying provinces. The religious festivals in and about Manila are well worth attendance on account of the beauty of the Tagal and half-caste women who make their appearance in the evening, and promenade the streets, which are illuminated and profusely decked with flowers and bright colors. The spectacle is a charming one to the stranger just arrived. The Indian women are very beautifully formed, with luxuriant black hair, and large, dark eyes. The upper garment is of homespun but costly material, of transparent fineness and snow-white purity. From the waist down is worn drapery of brightly-striped cloth (*saya*), which falls in broad folds, and is lightly compressed as far as the knee with a shawl closely drawn around the figure; so that the rich, variegated folds of the *saya* burst out beneath like the blossoms of the pomegranate. This swathing allows the young girls to take only short steps, and the dove-like timidity of gait, in conjunction with their downcast eyes, lends an aspect of great modesty, though often belied in practice. On the tiny, naked feet are worn embroidered slippers, so small that the toes often protrude for want of room.

The poorer women go about clothed in a *saya* and a shirt so extremely short that it frequently does not reach the first fold of the former. In the more eastern islands grown-up girls and women wear, with the exception of an amulet, nothing but these two garments, which, when newly washed, are quite transparent.

A hat, trousers, and shirt, worn outside, made of coarse cloth, compose the dress of the men of the poorer classes, while the wealthy use an expensive homespun material, woven from the fibres of the pineapple or banana, and ornamented with silk stripes. The hat is a round piece of home-made plaiting, often adorned with valuable silver ornaments, and used both as an umbrella and sunshade. The Manila dandies bring out the inherent ludicrousness of the European costume by illustrating its travesty. The Tagal "swell" of the Philippines adorns his naked feet with patent-leather shoes, wears tight-

fitting trousers of glaringly contrasted colors, a starched and plaited shirt, and, with a light cane twirling in his fingers, sails along in full-blown complacency, a most laughable caricature of his French or English congener, who strolls through the Boulevard des Italiens, or Rotten Row, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Many of the half-caste women



HOUSE ON THE PASIG.

are married to Europeans, and adopt the full dress of the latter class. As a rule, these are prudent and thrifty, faithful wives, good mothers, and clever business-women, but in conversation awkward and tedious.

This can hardly be ascribed to lack of education, for many of the Spanish ladies, who know nothing but the breviary, are charming talkers, full of tact and grace of manner. The cause lies in the equivocal position of the half-castes, haughtily repelled by their white sisters, while they themselves disown their mother's kin. They are entirely lacking in the ease and social management characteristic of the women of Spain in every relation of life.

While the immediate environs of Manila can boast many beautiful spots, they are not the resort of the local rank and fashion, the object of whose promenade is the display of the toilet, not the enjoyment of Nature. All the wealthier people are driven every evening during the hot season along the beach promenade, where the band of a native regiment plays capital music. All the Spaniards are in uniform or black frock-coats. One moment the air is musical with the gay buzz of conversation and laughter. Suddenly the convent-bells ring out the signal for vesper service. Instantly every soul yields to the magic call, no less potent than the solemn cry of the *muezzin*, which subdues the soul of the Mussulman: carriages, horsemen, pedestrians, all stand motionless. The men take off their hats, and everybody seems absorbed in earnest prayer. Another moment, and the careless chatter again swells on the evening air. Whatever taint of formalism and hypocrisy may lie at the heart of the custom, it has a certain pathos and beauty, which strongly affect the stranger, and sweep him irresistibly into doing the like. Among the places of public interest, there was once a magnificent botanical garden at Manila, in which there was a vast deal of local pride. But it has not flourished under Spanish auspices, and it has now gone to rack and ruin, a mere inclosure overgrown with giant weeds.

The amusements in the capital of the Philippines are limited in number and not over-choice as to quality. Plays both in Spanish and the Tagal tongue are often done at the theatres, but these are for the most part ineffably stupid, and would send any European or American auditor infallibly to sleep—even could he understand the inanities of the dialogue, and unravel the thread of the plot. Even the Chinese plays, enacted for the benefit of the almond-eyed residents, who make up a very considerable portion of the population, are preferable: as the latter are at least unique and entertaining for a little while from their oddity, and the absorbed interest with which the placid Celestials watch the nightly development of the interminable loves of the heroes and heroines. In fact, the pompous and showy religious festivals are the principal events which enliven the dull monotony of existence. The natives, it may be added, have an unfailling resource in cock-fighting, to which they are devoted with a passionate eagerness.

Nearly every Tagal who would have any

consideration with his fellows breeds fighting-cocks, and many of them are rarely seen out-of-doors without pugnacious pets under their arms, ready at any time to give or receive a challenge. The question of pedigree is watched with as keen an interest as in the racing-steeds of Ascot or Newmarket. Oftentimes fifty dollars or more are paid for single birds of choice breed, and a celebrated victor of many battles commands almost any price the envied owner chooses to exact. A Tagal cock-fight is a curious and suggestive sight, repulsive though it be to the European eye.

The ring around the cock-pit is crowded with natives, perspiring at every pore, ejaculating thanksgivings to the saints, or curses, as the case may be, and with the ugliest passions imprinted on their faces. Each bird is armed with a sharp, curved, steel spur, capable of inflicting the most serious wounds. At the slightest sign of flinching the recreant cock is plucked alive, and torn to pieces by the enraged spectators. Incredibly large sums are bet on the results oftentimes, and the Tagal does not hesitate to impoverish

which experience has inspired the native in his dealings with the Spanish and foreign residents, our traveler mentions that the Tagal hackmen always demanded the fare before permitting him to ride, in spite of the fact that he was known to be the guest of one of the most wealthy and respected merchants of the city. Most of the Spanish officials in the Philippines are adventurers whose standing at home compelled them to seek the colonies as a sort of social Botany Bay. Too lazy to acquaint themselves with the language or the customs of the natives, they yet arrogate an idle superiority, which by no means imposes on the shrewd-witted Tagals, who are generally acquainted with the Spanish tongue, while their masters are ignorant of that spoken by the Indians. A secret feeling of contempt hidden under the mask of deference is thus engendered, and the natives always remain an enigma to their indiscreet masters, which their conceit prevents them from deciphering. The respect of the natives for Europeans is thus diminished by the character of the extravagant, indolent, and improvident Spaniards. Yet on the whole the races



FISHERMEN'S HUTS.

himself and his family to back his favorite fighting-bird. The demoralizing effect on a people addicted to idleness and dissipation can be easily imagined, as it makes them unable to resist the temptation of procuring money without working for it. The malign passion leads frequently to theft, embezzlement, and highway robbery, and most of the land and sea pirates who infest the country are ruined gamblers, who seek thereby to repair their broken fortunes.

In such a land, of course, the higher fruits of civilization are not to be looked for. Manila furnishes but few readable books, and such a thing as a club is unknown, though the foreign colonies in the Chinese and Japanese cities are abundantly supplied with these adjuncts of enjoyment. The feeble newspapers are rarely enlivened with any excitement, and the fortnightly news from Hong-Kong, at the time of Mr. Jagor's visit, was so industriously sifted by priestly censors that little remained except the chronicles of the Spanish and French courts to feed the barren columns.

As an illustration of the distrust with

of the Philippines rest lightly under the Spanish yoke, which in these islands was never cemented by any such cruel and barbarous policy as cursed the early history of Spanish America. The Tagals have adopted the religion, manners, and customs of their rulers, and there has been a permanent and fruitful amalgamation between them—a result largely owing, perhaps, to the celibacy of the priesthood, the tenets of whose faith, prescribing the law of universal love, as Mr. Jagor slyly intimates, may have been widely illustrated in practice.

Distinctly-marked national customs, such as may be found in most isolated portions of the world, in spite of the force of civilizing agencies, have here entirely disappeared. There seems to be an utter lack of originality in the Tagal mind. The natives quickly adopted all the rites and forms of the new religion, copied the personal externals of the conquering race, and learned to despise their own manners as heathenish and uncouth. The result is ludicrous, and not unworthy of philosophical comment. They sing Andalusian ditties and dance Spanish dances, but

with a mechanical precision utterly lacking the spirit of intelligence. It is the body without the spark of life. They imitate every thing accurately in detail, but without any soul.

Their artistic productions, though the work of marvelous skill and patience oftentimes,

Nearly all the dwellings are built by the water's edge, for the river is a self-sustaining highway, on which loads are carried to the foot of the mountains. The huts are built on piles, like those of the ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland, and the appropriateness

the most characteristic charms to the landscape. The parallel position and toughness of the fibres render it easy to split, and when split its pieces are all of extraordinary pliability and elasticity. To the gravelly soil on which it grows are probably owing its durability, its firm, even, clean surface, and the brilliancy and color which always improve by use. It is a wonderful provision of Nature, too, that, amid a population with such limited means of conveyance, the bamboo is to be found in such numbers and of every possible size. Its floating power is unsurpassed, and it is preëminently fitted for a country poor in roads, but rich in water-courses.

The stranger traveling in the interior learns to appreciate the hospitality of Nature. The air is so equitably warm that one would gladly dispense with all clothing except a solar hat and a pair of light shoes. Should one desire to pass the night in the open air, the construction of a hut from the leaves of the palm and the fern is the work of a few moments, and it is always easy to obtain the necessities of life at a reasonable rate. He will everywhere meet with *semaneros* (performers of menial duties), ready to serve him as messengers or porters for a trifling fee. On one occasion Mr. Jagor desired to send a man who was playing cards and drinking palm-wine on an errand. The native said he could not go, for he was a prisoner; but one of his guardians, leaving his charge lolling in the shade, proceeded to discharge the labor in the midst of the intense heat. Prisoners have but little cause to complain of the rigid severities of justice. The only drawback to the comfort of the petty criminal is the severe flogging to which he is liberally treated by the authorities, even for a trifling offense. The natives, though, seem from long experience to have become almost callous to corporeal punishment. The acquaintances of the victim on such occasions stand around to enjoy the spectacle, and jeer at him, asking how the whip-lash tastes. After the whipping, all, spectators, criminal, and executioner, walk away together, laughing and joking, the very best of friends. Thieving and robbery are very common crimes in the islands, and the wealthier classes suffer much from kleptomania on the part of the servants. In some districts the most trifling articles are apt to disappear the instant the owner takes his eyes off them. The Philippine-Islander seems to have had omitted from his organism any clear notion of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and regards theft as the merest peccadillo, the whole objection to which consists in being detected in the commission.

Every village has its *casa real*, or *tribunal*, where the traveler can take up his quarters, and be supplied with food at the market-price. Yet the European visitor, from the proclivities of the natives just alluded to, finds himself easier in mind as a guest at the *covento*, or dwelling of the priest, who is always right glad to dispense such hospitality. Oftentimes the priest is the only white man for miles around, and he is only too anxious to house so rare a guest, giving up the best bedroom, and offering all that kitchen and



BAMBOO HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.

are wearisome, unnatural, and devoid of character. In Java, Borneo, and the Malaccas, the utensils in daily use are ornamented with so refined and subtle a feeling for form and color that they are praised by artists as patterns of decoration, affording proof that the labor is one of love and presided over by intelligence. The natives of the Philippines rarely display such sense of beauty. Even the celebrated Pina embroideries, fabricated with such marvelous skill and patience, and displaying a peerless fineness of work, are, as a rule, spiritless imitations of Spanish patterns.

In most countries with so mild a climate and fertile soil, the inhabitants would have been ground down by native princes or ruthlessly plundered by foreigners. In these richly-endowed and isolated islands, pressure from above, impulse from within, and stimulus from without, are all wanting, and the satisfaction of a few trifling wants suffices for ample comfort. Here, under the shade of the palm-trees, blossoms the full knowledge of the *dolce far niente*. A trip across the Pasig gives a foretaste of life in the interior. Low, wooden cabins and bamboo-huts, surmounted with green foliage, gorgeous flowers, and trailers, are picturesquely grouped along the river-bank, with groves of palm and feather-headed bamboos. The shore is fringed with canoes, nets, rafts, and fishing-apparatus. Boats float down the stream, and canoes ply from bank to bank amid the groups of bathers. The liveliest traffic is carried on in the large sheds which open on the river, the great channel for trade. These are rare attractions to the sailors, who resort there to enliven existence in the fascinating pursuits of gambling, smoking, and betel-chewing.

Sometimes a native may be seen floating down the stream asleep on a heap of coconuts. Should the raft of nuts collide with the shore, the drowsy voyager raises himself up, pushes adrift with a long bamboo, and, as his eccentric raft regains the current, again yields to the luxuriant dreams induced by the betel-nut.

of the position is evident, for the stream, of course, is the very centre of activity. The river-side is a pretty sight, when the men, women, and children, are bathing and frolicking in the shade of the palm-trees; when the young girls are filling their water-vessels, large bamboos, which they carry on their shoulders, or water-jars, which they bear on their heads; and when the boys are standing upright on the backs of the buffaloes, and riding triumphantly in and out of the water.

In these localities the cocoa-palm most flourishes—a tree that not only supplies food and drink, but every material necessary for the construction of huts and the manufacture of household utensils. Inland the tree bears but little fruit, but close to the shore yields most plentifully, even when growing on wretched soil. It is said that cocoa-trees growing by the sea-side are wont to incline their stems over the ocean, the waters of which bear the fruit to desert islands and shores, thus playing an essential part in the ocean vagabondage of Polynesia and Malaysia.

One of the most striking and characteristic trees of the Philippines is the bamboo, whose luxuriant, leafy top may be seen almost everywhere. This gigantic plant is almost indispensable to the comforts and conveniences of tropical life. Nature has endowed it with so many useful qualities, casting all others of her gifts in the shade, that its splendid beauty ceases to be thought of in the comparison. Possessing an extraordinary strength in proportion to its lightness, the result of its round shape and the regularity of the joints, a few sharp cuts of a knife suffice to convert it into any form needed. The ingenious cottager, inheriting the simple traditions of his hereditary craft, manufactures with extraordinary rapidity nearly every implement necessary to his life: chairs, tables, fishing-nets, baskets of every shape, ropes, mats, troughs, roofing-tiles, gates, knives, and forks, are turned out as if by magic at the hands of our rude artisan from the one slender tree, whose graceful crown lends one of

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cellar can yield. Every thing is placed before the stranger in a spirit of such undisguised friendliness that he is bestowing instead of accepting a favor. Sometimes the hospitable *padres* have been known to attack the *tribunal* with a force of followers when travelers have been known to be present, and carry off their prizes in triumph to their dwellings *vi et armis*.

Most of the dwellings of the priests are dirty and squalid, but in the larger towns the *conventos* are often spacious and noble structures. Such especially our author found the church and *convento* at Majajiai, built by the Jesuits, and splendidly situated. The lake of Bay was seen to extend to the far north-east; in the distance the peninsula of Jalajala; the island of Talim, with its Soson-Dalaga volcano; and the spires of Manila terminated the vista. From the *convento* to the lake stretched an endless grove of coco-trees, while toward the south the slope of the distant high ground grew suddenly steeper, forming an abruptly precipitous conical hill, intersected by deep ravines. This was the Banajao or Majajiai volcano, and beside it San Christoval reared its bell-shaped summit.

Mr. Jagor was anxious to make an ascent, but the rainy weather which prevailed presented too great an obstacle. The volcano is about six thousand five hundred feet in height, and the crater about seven hundred feet deep. At the last eruption in 1780 the mountain burst into flames on its southern side, threw up streams of water, burning lava, and stones of an immense size, ravaging and desolating the country for many miles in the fiery track.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER III.

THE MASTER OF BASILWOOD.

"My surmise was correct, then," said Mrs. Basil to herself, as she sat alone. "That letter was from Miss Hawkesby. I'm glad she does not utterly forget the child; for if Pamela should die—she's never sick, it is true, but then some people do drop off so unexpectedly; the judge, her cousin, did—and if she were to die, what would become of Joanna? What could she mean by saying that she would make provision for Joanna's future? If she thinks to marry her to Arthur, she has less sense than I gave her credit for. It would be a fine thing for Joanna, but—as if Arthur could be such a fool! No, no; there is not the least danger; Pamela may spare her pains, as I shall not scruple to tell her, if I see any symptoms. But, then, it would be nice for Joanna if Miss Hawkesby would take her away—for some day she must cease to be a child—and give her a fair chance in this life. She has no advantage here, poor thing! and really I

wonder Pamela doesn't make an effort to rouse the old lady to a sense of her duty."

Some slight fear that Miss Basil might endeavor to bring about a match between Arthur and the judge's granddaughter had begun to trouble Mrs. Basil's mind, but there was no need for any such fear. A scheming woman, indeed, with an ordinary talent for match-making, would have seen in young Hendall's advent a rare chance for the little Joanna; but Miss Basil, though a most notable manager, was no schemer. She had not that absolute control of her feelings and prejudices so essential to a schemer. Human nature does not require strictly reasonable grounds for its likes and dislikes, as those of us who know some Dr. Fell are well aware; and Miss Basil, disliking Arthur Hendall for no better reason than that he was Mrs. Basil's nephew, and the prospective owner of Basilwood, was very far from desiring to see Joanna married to him; she hoped, indeed, that Joanna would be sensible and never marry. As for any prospect of her marrying young Hendall, Miss Basil herself did not see more clearly than that, with all the advantages he had enjoyed, a simple country girl like this poor little Joanna was no match for him, in any sense. But she did not, like Mrs. Basil, believe so devoutly in the saving dignity of the Hendall blood; she did not believe that this young gentleman, rich in all the arts of worldlings, as Miss Basil could not doubt he must be, would deny himself for honor's sake, nor for dignity's sake, the pleasure of an idle flirtation, by way of pastime, if opportunity offered. And Joanna—Joanna was a little fool, and would believe every word he uttered!

So poor Miss Basil went sorrowing about her work, and turning over in her mind the means of guarding the inexperienced Joanna against the fascinations of Mrs. Basil's nephew. Not knowing exactly what would be best to say on the subject, her great object, just now, was to avoid Joanna; she did not choose to have her assistance in making ready for Mr. Hendall. But passing through the large, barn-like hall that led to the south wing, there was the girl, curled up in the window-seat, and playing with her kitten. At any other time Miss Basil would have reproved her for trifling, but now she took comfort in the sight; it seemed to prove Joanna still a child, in spite of her ready knack at hair-dressing, and her aspirations after demitaines.

The little Joanna was not, ordinarily, a source of comfort to her precise, methodical kinswoman; for though removed from worldly influences, and growing up "like to a rose in a withering bower," under Miss Basil's own watchful eyes, the girl had come now to be, much to Miss Basil's confusion, a careless, idling young dreamer of seventeen, the very opposite in every respect of what her matter-of-fact cousin had striven to make her. She had received a desultory, haphazard sort of education; how far it had extended in regard to books, Miss Basil could never accurately tell; but she knew that Joanna could knit, could sew, could darn, could keep accounts, could bake bread, could make a custard and an omelet, for all these use-

ful things, and many others, she herself had faithfully taught her; and she knew, moreover, to her sorrow, that this "child of many prayers" delighted in reading story-books, and hated Dr. Johnson and Hannah More with a hatred that was not ashamed. And no more than this, after seventeen years of intimate companionship, no more than this did Miss Basil know of Joanna; which, however, is hardly to be wondered at, seeing that, of all God's creatures, the most incomprehensible, perhaps, is a girl of seventeen.

Miss Basil, finding Joanna so childishly employed, wished her to remain a child, and began stealthily to retreat; but Joanna, looking up, with her thumb and forefinger arrested in the act of playfully pinching the kitten's ears, broke into a laugh, and said:

"Why do you go 'mousing' about so like an old cat? 'Mela? I'm wide awake'—so she was, indeed, Miss Basil sighed to see—"what a time you've been talking with the grandmamma. Who is coming, now?"

"Never you mind, child; young people should not be inquisitive. Play with your kitten," Miss Basil replied, with useless and therefore unwise evasion.

The little Joanna had asked this innocent question season after season, and had always received a direct answer. With a quick, impulsive movement she slipped from her high seat, dropping the startled kitten upon the floor, and fixed her large, dark eyes upon Miss Basil with a searching look; and Miss Basil never liked to meet those eyes, so unflinching, so unfathomable, so *comprehensive* were they; to *feel* them upon her now made her fidget uneasily.

"Pamela," said Joanna, deliberately, "I know; it is she—nephew."

"How should you know any thing about it?" said Miss Basil, in an injured tone, and flushing hotly.

"How should I know?" repeated Joanna. "Why, old Thurston told me there were letters for the grandmamma, and don't we all know that means visitors? And, if Miss Archer, or Mrs. Carew, or that Miss Ruffner were coming, you would say so at once."

Truly, her argument was conclusive. Joanna knew all about Mr. Arthur Hendall's title to Basilwood; Miss Basil had felt in duty bound to explain it as soon as the child was old enough to understand her position, but she had deemed it advisable to have as little as possible to say about young Hendall himself; she did not wish Joanna to run any risk of becoming interested in him in any way, and she invariably checked every attempt to make him the subject of conversation. But now the perplexed woman began to think she had made a mistake; she had lost so many opportunities of giving Joanna's mind the proper bias against him. It was not yet too late, however, perhaps; so she said, grimly:

"You know he is the master of Basilwood, Joanna; let us not forget that." It was not the wisest thing she could have said. Her words placed young Hendall before Joanna's quick imagination in a sort of picturesque light. *The master of Basilwood!* Did not that imply that the grandmamma's nephew occupied a peculiar position in regard to

* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

herself? Joanna had read too many romances not to feel a certain charm in the situation when she thought it over; and Miss Basil, who had hoped, as she would have said, "to set the child against the inheritor of her grandfather's old home," felt vexed and disappointed to see her begin again, with infantine playfulness, to pinch the kitten's ears. She did wish Joanna would show some human feeling.

"However, she is but a child, I suppose; and God forbid that I should teach her to cherish 'envy, hatred, and malice,' against any one!" Miss Basil said to herself, and went away; but, returning half an hour later, she was rather startled to find the volatile Joanna still sitting in the window, her kitten forgotten, her eyes bent on the floor, her whole demeanor expressive of deep thought. Miss Basil knew, by old experience, that these fits of meditation boded no good; and she said, irritably:

"Get down, child, and find something to do. How often must I remind you of the folly and the sin of wasting your time?"

Joanna rose quickly, saying, with unwonted submission, "I am sure, 'Mela, I am willing to be useful. If you are going to see about Mr. Hendall's room, I am ready to help you. I have been thinking about my duty—"

Miss Basil trembled at the words. What was not this unaccountable Joanna capable of, if she had begun to think about *her duty*? "I don't want you; you will be in my way; go play with your kitten, child," she said, shortly, and made haste to leave her.

"Go—play—with—your—kitten, child," repeated the little Joanna, slowly, staring after her. "What can have come over Pamela to suppose that I can be playing with a kitten forever?" Then she turned again to the window, and pursued the current of her thoughts.

These summer visitors, so dreaded by Miss Basil, were hardly a source of greater pleasure to Mrs. Basil herself than to Joanna. True, she was always in the distant background, for Miss Basil, by way of keeping her young charge unspotted from the world, had never permitted her to mingle freely with Mrs. Basil's guests; but their mere presence at Basilwood gave her a glimpse of that alluring outside world from which she had been all her life so carefully secluded; and, better still, these well-bred, well-dressed people afforded her *models upon which to form herself*. For Joanna was ambitious; conscious of her deficiencies, she was laudably anxious to improve, and eager to seize every opportunity for improvement that offered. These were not many, for Basilwood was remote and isolated; and, partly on this account, partly because of Miss Basil's extremely retiring habits, poor little Joanna had grown up without companions or playmates, having never been at school. Miss Basil had taught her a little, and, for the rest, having a quick mind, she had picked up a fair stock of information, foraging among a lot of long-forgotten books stowed away in the garret, where she could read unmolested.

"A solitary child, shutting herself up between the leaves," books had taught her

much; but, with ready intelligence, she had soon perceived that there was something to be learned about this world and the people in it that books alone could never teach. The ladies that visited Basilwood, elderly, cold, and formal, for the most part, were not particularly attractive to young persons; yet, though she kept aloof from them, Joanna observed them studiously, and soon learned from them an idea of style and elegance which she greatly affected. She had thus acquired a theoretical knowledge of the ways of the fashionable world that would have amazed Miss Basil. The girl had very grave notions about fitting herself for life, for society, and she hoped that young Hendall would be an advantage to her in this way. It was no fault of his that he was master of Basilwood; "and surely," thought she, in the simplicity of her heart, "being a man, he must be wondrous wise."

But these innocent aspirations after "something better than she had known" Joanna buried in the depths of her own heart, not from any sense of shame, but from a dawning consciousness that her excellent cousin's idea of confidence was limited to the rigid truth about indisputable realities, and that her notion of sympathy meant nothing more than ministering to bodily ailments. Any thing that could not be classed as an actual, tangible fact, Miss Basil denominated fancifulness; so Joanna, perforce, having no one else to reveal herself to, kept her own counsel, and became a dreamer of dreams. She was dreaming now, as she sat in the window, an innocent dream of youth's fair possibilities, that she would not have hesitated to confide to Pamela, if only Pamela could understand!

But Miss Basil, all alone up-stairs, waging war against the dust and cobwebs that had accumulated during the winter, did not need to be told that Joanna's idle reveries were full of "the grandmamma's nephew;" she knew it instinctively—"and Joanna was the despair of her life!" she said, passionately. But she had striven hard to train up the child in the way she should go, and no sense of discouragement could make her relax her efforts—certainly she was not going to spare them now; she meant to do her duty by Joanna at all hazards—if only she knew what to do! Could she have believed that the warning would be heeded, she might have been willing to relate to Joanna a page out of her own history; but nothing could have persuaded Miss Basil that any good would come of revealing her sad, romantic story. She could, however, be more than ever watchful; Joanna must be kept more strictly within bounds, for wasn't she a child still? and children should be retiring—she had always impressed that upon Joanna; it was no new doctrine she was about to preach. It had been a great cross to her, in these hard times, that Mrs. Basil would not conform to her hours for meals—an obstinacy that entailed much trouble and extra work—but now she saw a special providence in Mrs. Basil's luxurious habits; there would be the less occasion for Joanna to meet Mr. Hendall.

While she was meditating a suitable discourse to deliver to Joanna, or, rather, while

she was debating with herself whether or not it would be advisable to say any thing on the subject of her fears, Mrs. Basil came in to inspect the room. She would gladly have assisted the work of preparation, but she never did know what to do. She always awoke to new life when the season came that brought the company she loved. In winter she vegetated; what was there for her to do but sit and wait for summer to bring back some semblance of the old, easy, joyous time when three-eighths of a cent more or less in the price of cotton made no difference to her? Easy as it seemed by comparison, her lot was really a harder one than Miss Basil's, who had the absorbing work of the garden, the orchard, the dairy, and the poultry-yard, to occupy her thoughts, not to mention the disappointing little Joanna.

Except an object to live for, Mrs. Basil had had every thing that life could give—wealth, beauty, position, influence, all had been hers, and what now remained but the dregs? Youth had vanished, wealth had vanished; she said very little about her losses in either respect; but her head had turned while contemplating the hopeless decadence of her condition, and often she was weary of her life. But not to-day; for was not her nephew Arthur coming at last?

Mrs. Basil had never seen him since he was a little fellow in his father's house, when she was living there, a *passée* belle, and fonder of his childish prattle than of all the homage she had ever commanded in society. No one had ever come so near her heart as this only child of her only brother. But Fate had been against her here. When his parents died, Arthur went to his mother's relations, and he might have been utterly alienated from his aunt but for his interest in Basilwood. Mrs. Basil, therefore, had no jealousy of his claim upon the place, since it attached him to her; and now that his mother's childless brothers had gone out of the world like so many other men of reputed wealth in these times, leaving no vestige of their fortune behind them, Arthur must settle down to planting. It would be a good thing for him, it would be a good thing for her; he would have all that stanch respectability attaching to a landed proprietor, and he would improve the finances of Basilwood; something of the easy charm of old times would come back.

Mrs. Basil had long desired this day, and for joy could hardly contain herself. Under ordinary circumstances, she would not have cared for Miss Basil's sympathy; but now, without knowing what it was she wanted, she came restlessly into the room, passed her hands over the pillows, peered into the bureau-drawers, turned up the blinds and turned them down again, and annoyed Miss Basil not a little.

"O Pamela, are you sure that every thing is thoroughly attended to, the bedding well aired, and all that? You should have had Myra up to help you."

"But Myra is busy with the ironing," said Miss Basil, and in her heart she wished Mrs. Basil had something to do to keep her busy. But Mrs. Basil could do nothing but sew a little, and she did not always have the material to sew upon.

"Well, we must find an extra servant, I suppose," said she, as complacently as if an extra servant would cost nothing. "It is always the way in summer. I hope the room is well aired, and the bedding; I am very particular, because Arthur is by no means so well as I could wish him to be."

"An invalid?" queried Miss Basil, with interest, adjusting in her mind the advantages and disadvantages likely to result from Mr. Arthur Hendall's inability to leave his room. It would certainly keep him out of Joanna's way; but it would also entail much unprofitable labor. The advantages and disadvantages seemed about evenly balanced, and Miss Basil sighed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Basil, brightly, mistaking the sigh for sympathy; "a tertian ague, attended by rheumatic symptoms, with some gastric disturbance."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Miss Basil, with an air of experience. "The remedy is quinine, and iodoform would benefit him."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Basil, in an offended tone; "I consider it quite serious; it is the result of exposure in the swamp through which the New Central road is now being surveyed."

"Oh!" said Miss Basil, meekly.

She always wilted when Mrs. Basil begged her pardon.

But Mrs. Basil turned away unappeased. There was yet more to tell about Arthur, and in her then mood she might have told it if Miss Basil had not slighted his "symptoms" so. As if she would be permitted to prescribe in such a case! No, indeed; Mrs. Basil intended to send for Dr. Garnet as soon as Arthur should arrive.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS BASIL TAKES REFUGE IN A SONG.

YOUNG HENDALL arrived the next morning. He was a tall, handsome young man, but evidently the worse for the tertian ague and attendant symptoms, and when Miss Basil saw him her heart smote her.

"Heaven forgive me," she sighed, "that ever I should have rejoiced at his being obliged to keep his room!"

Bodily suffering always moved her compassion, and, though she mistrusted all handsome young men in general, and this one in particular, she went immediately to prepare for him such delicacies as only she could concoct; for, except administering physic, Miss Basil liked nothing so well as making dainty dishes for the sick.

But her compassionate feelings were doomed to meet a sudden shock. Intent upon her benevolent design, she came near stumbling over the little Joanna, who had been peeping through the crack of the dining-room door, at the imminent risk of pinching her nose.

"Mercy upon us, Joanna!" she exclaimed, in wrath. "What are you doing there?"

She almost wished the child had pinched her nose.

"Oh, do tell me what he is like, 'Mela!'" Joanna asked, eagerly.

Miss Basil, though she would have it that Joanna must remain a child, demanded, none the less, the discreet reticence of conscious womanhood.

"You are very improper, Joanna," said she, sharply, as she walked resolutely to the store-room. "All sick men are alike—be sure of that—never thinking of the everlasting trouble they give."

"O 'Mela!'" exclaimed Joanna, following in Miss Basil's wake, and speaking with enthusiasm. "I should not mind the trouble, for it isn't mere common sickness in his case. Haven't you heard? Only think of his being wounded with a pistol in a—contest"—Joanna had an extravagant ambition to use "superior" language, and, no matter what she talked about, would hesitate for a high-sounding word—"with those dreadful burglars that broke into Mrs. Stargold's house in Westport the other day—the other night, you know I mean—Mrs. Elizabeth Stargold, the grandmamma's cousin"—Joanna never said "my grandmamma"—"an elderly lady, 'Mela, she is, living all alone, and e—normously wealthy, I do suppose. You see, I can tell you all about it. The papers called it a thrilling adventure, 'Mela, and—"

By this time they were in the store-room, and Miss Basil was trying on a large calico apron. She had appeared not to be listening, but she had heard, with the silence of exasperation, every word that the little Joanna, following at her heels, poured forth so eagerly; and she had finally made up her mind that this unwarrantable enthusiasm must be checked. As if it were not enough that Arthur Hendall must come to Basilwood at all, but he must come with the prestige of a hero! Yet, Miss Basil was going to make something good for him; oh, yes, she would repay him with kindness!

"You talk too much, Joanna," said she, giving a vicious tug at the apron-strings.

"But the grandmamma herself told me," persisted Joanna, simply. "You see, I wished to know, and so I asked her."

"You—asked her!" repeated Miss Basil, astonished. "Why, Joanna!"

"Why, of course," answered Joanna, with simplicity. "Why should I not ask her?"

Miss Basil couldn't explain why; so she said, lifting a warning finger that Joanna always associated with forbidden fruit:

"Take care, child; forwardness, you know, is not becoming in the young."

"But," said Joanna, argumentatively, "it was not unbecoming, for the grandmamma was pleased, I assure you. She commended my—my urbanity in asking about her nephew."

"Oh, good gracious, Joanna!" exclaimed Miss Basil; but whether from perplexity at Mrs. Basil's want of judgment in thus encouraging idle curiosity, or from impatience at Joanna's ambitious language, she herself could not have told.

"She did," said Joanna, quietly.

Miss Basil, having no words in which to express her conflicting sentiments, began with a great clatter to gather together an array of bowls and spoons.

"What are you going to make, 'Mela?'" said Joanna, with great interest, planting her elbows on the table, and cradling her cheeks in her hands. "Let it be something very, very nice, do; for, oh, he is as brave—as brave as a lion! And I do admire—process in a man!"

"Joanna, child, I wish you wouldn't!" ("Wouldn't" what? Miss Basil did not, under the circumstances, know how to be definite.) "You always do contrive to get just in my way!" said poor Miss Basil, lugubriously.

"Blanc-mange!" cried Joanna, clapping her hands softly, as she moved away to the other end of the table at the instigation of Miss Basil's remorseless elbows. "And you do make such delicious blanc-mange, 'Mela! I hope you are going to put it in the rose-mould."

"No, I am not," said Miss Basil, crossly. "Don't be silly, Joanna. It's only a milk-punch I shall make."

"I am sure he would like that," said Joanna, not feeling the rebuff; for was not 'Mela always cross when grandmamma's company came?

"And why should you mind what he likes?" said Miss Basil, severely. "I dare say we may rue the day he came."

"I'm sure he's much nicer to have here than the Archers or that Miss Ruffner."

"Joanna," said Miss Basil, suspending the spoon over the yellow bowl of milk, "Mrs. Basil's relations, remember."

"She's just horrid, Miss Ruffner is, for all that!" said Joanna, unabashed. "Don't I know her? Forever and forever boasting about her—her *pedigree*, and always, always calling me 'child,' and asking whether I know my catechism, and I every bit of sixteen last summer when she was here! But, O Pamela!"—clasping her hands with fervor, in a sudden transition from intense indignation to intense admiration, and sighing forth her words fervently—"she *did* wear *love-ly* trains!"

And Joanna, with her hands still clasped, bent her supple knees so as to make her short skirts trail on the floor, looking down at them over her shoulder with an absorbing interest, very distressing to poor Miss Basil, who thought the love of dress the root of all evil.

"Ah, child, 'vanity of vanities!'" she murmured, warningly.

"Oh, yes, I know all about that!" said Joanna, with an impatient twitch at her skirts. "I've heard it a thousand times. It's all because you don't care for trains and the like."

"Trains and the like are not exempt from moth and rust; remember that, child," said Miss Basil, dolefully. "I must always remind you, Joanna, of the folly of setting your heart on the things of this world."

"Oh, dear, 'Mela!" said Joanna, with a shrug. "Were you never young, in all your life, that you can't understand my feelings?"

"Yes," replied Miss Basil, promptly; "I've seen the folly and the vanity of youth in my time."

"Then you might let me see the folly and the vanity of it in my time, which is just come," said Joanna, coaxingly.

"Which is just come!" repeated Miss Basil, in dismay, thinking of young Hendall. "Joanna, what do you mean by such an expression? But it is no matter what you mean, you silly, thoughtless child; it is my duty to warn you, without fear or favor, that youth is a snare and a delusion!" Miss Basil had great faith in the power of pious song; when nothing else would subdue the recalcitrant Joanna, she sang to her; Joanna might protest in the beginning, but, before the strain was brought to a close, she was dumb and spiritless. So, now, by way of persuading her obdurate young auditor to a better frame of mind, she began immediately to sing, in a fearfully high key:

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given."

Joanna clapped her hands over her ears and frowned.

"Pamela! Pamela!" she cried, "your hymns are doleful, and I hate them; and I love the world, the beautiful, beautiful world; and I am glad that I am young! Everybody, yes, *everybody*, would rather be young than old!"

But this remonstrance only moved Miss Basil to sing the louder, in a voice of nasal melancholy, while Joanna, with her eyes fixed upon the orchard where the sun was shining, and the bees were coming and going among the apple-blossoms, thought, impatiently:

"Such dolefulness may do for people that have had the rheumatism, but it doesn't suit me. How can she, in a world of apple-blossoms?"

But a change was about to come over the spirit of her dream. Just as Miss Basil sang the last line of the last verse, Mrs. Basil looked in at the open door, with disapproval written on every line of her calm, handsome face.

"Pamela," said she, in a voice which, though cold, was soft and silvery, contrasting strangely with the discordant tones that had just ceased—"Pamela, excuse me, but really you cannot be aware how very loud your singing is, nor how trying to a person out of health. My nephew cannot bear it; he begs that you will spare him."

Now, Miss Basil was not vain of her voice; indeed, she had no reason to be; but neither was she ashamed of her singing. She sang as she did every thing else, from a sense of duty, and she could not see how any right-minded person could object to a purely religious exercise. However, as she was not disposed to consider young Hendall a right-minded person, she only said:

"I didn't suppose I could be heard upstairs."

She was busying herself with the young man's breakfast all the while, and Mrs. Basil, seeing these preparations going on, was pleased to show, by a nod and a smile, as she withdrew, closing the door behind her, that she was appeased.

If there was any discipline to which Miss Basil resorted, more irksome than another to Joanna, it was this doleful singing, and ordinarily she rejoiced at any interruption; but now she began to feel, with a bitterness she had never known before, that a stranger

had assumed the rule in her old home. This was a feature of the case she had not contemplated when she so complacently acquiesced in the title "master of Basilwood," that Miss Basil had bestowed; and she stood now with angry eyes fixed on the door through which Mrs. Basil had disappeared.

"He's the master here, child, as I told you," said Miss Basil, with a sort of grim satisfaction, for once interpreting Joanna's thoughts aright.

"If you are not to sing, it cannot be helped, I suppose," said Joanna, hoarsely; "but you see if I don't find some way to worry the life out of him!"

"Joanna, Joanna!" said Miss Basil, tremulously, "you show an unchristian spirit. All tribulation is for our good." She was glad to see Joanna in such a frame of mind, but, all the same, she thought it ought to be rebuked.

"I don't believe it!" cried Joanna, recklessly. "It doesn't do me good; and you don't like it any better than I do. Why should he be master here?"

"Child, I have explained it to you, time and again," said matter-of-fact Miss Basil. "Your grandfather—"

"I know," interrupted Joanna; "I know all about my grandfather. He wasn't a man to wear out his soul making money, like old Mr. John Hendall; more's the pity for us!"

"It's all the same in the end, child; for all Mr. John Hendall's money, the Hendalls, now, are little better off than ourselves," said Miss Basil, not without a sort of latent satisfaction.

"Basilwood belongs to them," said Joanna, gloomily; "and we can't help it."

"Joanna—we could go away?" said Miss Basil, suddenly. It might be desirable, she thought, to familiarize Joanna with that idea.

"Leave Basilwood? *My* Basilwood, where I have lived all my life!" cried Joanna, turning white at the mere suggestion. "O 'Mela, do you think it *must* come to that?"

"I suppose it must, in time," said Miss Basil, with studied resignation. "You see already that there is an end to my singing. But you should not say '*my* Basilwood,' Joanna, for Basilwood is not, and never will be, yours." It was desirable, Miss Basil thought, to foster the promising enmity that Joanna was beginning to entertain toward Mrs. Basil's nephew; she did not take into consideration the dangerous nature of a rebound from such a sentiment.

Joanna burst into tears. "It *shall* be mine!" she sobbed, childishly.

"Joanna," said Miss Basil, who could see but one way by which Joanna could obtain possession of Basilwood, "if you ever say that again, I shall be seriously displeased with you."

"Yes," sobbed Joanna, "it's envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, 'Mela, I know, to say so; but I can't help it. Never, never, any more, will it be the same place to us. And you took such comfort in your singing, too! I wish he had never come! His old breakfast is getting cold, and I am glad of it; I hope it will disagree with him, I do!"

"Joanna, Joanna!" said Miss Basil, rebukingly. It was very gratifying that Joanna should take a dislike to young Hendall, but she ought not to wish him harm.

"But I do, 'Mela," persisted Joanna; "and when I feel wicked, you might as well let me enjoy it." With which startling remonstrance she walked out of the room.

"Joanna ought not to indulge such sentiments," Miss Basil said to herself, regretfully; "but it is some satisfaction to know that, after all, I did not sing that hymn in vain."

MARION WALLING.

THE knowledge of the one crowning folly in the career of Marion Walling came to be mine on a September night two years since, and it was brought to me by the one man who could explain it best.

She had run a cruel, brilliant course through all the capitals of Europe, but in obedience to a sentiment of love for home—a sentiment the presence of which in her breast was an inconsistency that I cannot pretend to account for—she returned to this country with the avowed intention of helping it in its many infirmities, and of teaching others how to become true Americans.

She was twenty-five years of age, and she possessed a wealth that was practically boundless. She was a descendant of a family that had been noted for the beauty of its women, and upon her face and form there had fallen by selection, one might say, the finest and purest graces of half a score of generations. But she had used these charms in the work of Satan. Her society-life, extending over a period of seven years, was marked here and there with those fearful offenses that no one knows how to punish, and yet the criminality of which no one dares to palliate.

To generate love in the most guarded breast, and to set on fire the most tranquil nature, was her special prerogative, and most wickedly did she exercise it.

To her captives, to be forewarned was not to be forearmed. It availed little to prince or poet to be advised of her nature, for each fell at her will, and without the trace of a struggle. In casting them aside she showed no mercy. She snapped the threads with both hands, and then turned away without a word of pity or regret.

But she found on her return to America that this more independent society looked askance upon her in spite of her wealth and position, and that, for once, disapprobation could be rendered disquieting. She retired to her country-seat, and, surrounded by a gallant company of friends, she caused the belief to go abroad that she had at last taken the true views of her place and use in the world, and that she was ready to assume her share of its burdens.

The law-firm with which I was connected had charge of her own and her father's estates, and I therefore had frequent occasion to visit the household, and I became conversant, to a certain extent, with what took place beneath the roof.

Arthur Thurman appeared on the scene in the spring of the year succeeding that of the Wallings' return, and to the utter consternation of his friends he yielded at once to the daughter's marks of favor, and conducted himself as her suitor. I knew him, probably, better than any one else in the world, and I became the recipient of his confidences. He was a man of wealth and position, and he possessed an unusually active and forcible mind. He was thirty-six years of age, handsome, in capital physical health, and he possessed an ambition that kept him alert and *au courant* with all that was moving in the world.

This ambition was to take part in politics, a sea of impurity that he was anxious to assist in clarifying, and I have no doubt that it was upon this matter that he and the far-seeing Marion Walling struck their first sympathies.

I recall now that I have seen the two, arm-in-arm, walk up and down in the shrubbery-paths, talking of economic and diplomatic subjects for hours, her finely-cut and intelligent face actually glowing with enthusiasm and understanding, and the attitude of her slender form, clad in its splendid dress, betraying the most intense vitality.

Thurman, without question, knew of her arts abroad; and I, believing that he must have long since given them due weight in the consideration of his own case, did not presume to speak of them. I perceived, I thought, that they both had taken the highest ground, and that nothing but the conviction that they were fitted for each other in every sense had brought about the present state of affairs.

And that they were fitted for each other, and singularly so, did not admit of doubt. Had it been possible to obliterate the scores upon Miss Walling's record, marriage between the two would have been hailed with delight by society everywhere.

The significance of their relations grew stronger and stronger as the summer passed, and the formal announcement of their betrothal was daily expected. That there were some anxious ones among the friends I am not able to deny, and for my own part I confess that I felt great uneasiness.

September came, and Thurman was at "Lahill." I received letters from him from time to time, mainly upon matters of business, yet he invested even the driest topics with a lightness and gayety that I, of course, knew well enough how to interpret.

On the evening of the 18th of the month I sat in my parlor in my bachelor quarters in the city, amusing myself with a terrier, when Thurman was announced. He followed the servant closely with a heavy, quick, and staggering step, and, pausing on my threshold, fixed upon me a pair of the wildest eyes that it has ever been my lot to see. He was as white as chalk, and his dress, disordered by a long carriage-ride, hung loosely about his person.

I knew at a glance what had happened, and my heart sank like lead. I leaped up, and seizing his hand led him to a seat. He looked at me with painful inquiry in his eyes.

"I think I understand," said I.

He nodded quickly in response, and replied in a loud voice:

"Thank God! You spare me the humiliation of putting it in words!"

He had been rejected, without reason or qualification. The woman had refused him as she would have denied a favor to an impertinent servant. He had implored neither grace nor explanation, but had quitted the place within the hour, and had driven hither at the utmost speed.

"What shall I do?" demanded he, in the tone of one drowning in the ocean.

"Talk," said I.

He obeyed, and may I be forgiven for bringing down upon the head of a human being the rage and bitterness that Thurman poured out upon Marion Walling! He went through with it as if he were summing up against a prisoner at the bar, and he ransacked the whole arsenal of invective to find words to suit his interpretation of her act.

His language appalled me. I did not attempt to stop it; but, closing all the doors and windows, in order that he might not be heard by other ears than mine, I permitted the mad stream to flow on to its end. This end did not come until five o'clock the next morning. Thurman was a widely-read, widely-traveled, and widely-cultivated man, and every emotion that he felt had a thousand points of contact with his mind. This sudden and cruel unseating of his desires, desires based upon all that was pure and manly, awoke a multitude of resentments that I could not comprehend, but which filled me with awe as I witnessed their manifestation.

He remained, half secreted, in my chamber for three days. At the end of that time he had begun to analyze his disappointment, and to resolve it into its ingredients. He made me one short speech that contained this passage:

"I have searched the world for ten years to find a woman that possessed the talents that God has given to Marion Walling. When I met her there came that divine flash of intelligence that told me that my search was at an end.

"The warmth of our intercourse had a spontaneity that filled me with assurance that all was well. I have never had my confidence disturbed, I have never felt the slightest trace of doubt, I have never held any attitude toward her than that of suitor, for our affection sprung into life at full bloom; and that I should ever hold myself toward her as a friend never occurred to me. What, then, condemned me to so much pain? Perhaps her vanity required just one more victim. Ah, how bitter it is to find that one has fallen by such a sting as that!"

On the 22d I was summoned to Lahill. I said nothing to Thurman, but went quickly. I left him writing a political treatise, but with the pallid face and wasted form of a monk who had suffered a lengthened fast. His eyes were large and excessively bright, and his hand trembled like a leaf.

At Lahill I was ushered at once into the office-parlor. The father and daughter were both there. I conducted myself with circumspection, for I perceived that both felt as-

sured that I had a knowledge of Thurman's story.

It appeared that it had been deemed necessary for me to go to the western part of Ohio to examine personally the condition of the grape-plantations there, in which the Wallings possessed large interest. The season had promised but poorly, and the mortgagees were desirous of gaining exact information. This was natural, no doubt, but why was I sent on this particular year? I looked, perhaps incautiously, at Marion. She was standing erect by a small table a few yards off, holding between her hands an ebony whist-counter, which, when turned, gave forth a rattle. Her light hair was brushed high from her white forehead, her head was raised, and her dress, which was of a delicate muslin, was gathered about her figure in such a way that she was made to seem taller than she was. Her keen face was turned toward me, and her clear-blue eyes were fastened steadfastly upon my face. There is a manner of delivering a look that almost prides open the lips, and this look was just such a one. I made up my mind that it was at her suggestion that I was sent to foreign parts.

Mr. Walling gave me numberless instructions. The whist-counter began to rattle. Marion broke in upon her father, saying:

"Is it not very simple? If the grapes will not ripen, the farmers must fail. If we give Mr. Weymouth discretion, we cannot give him advice."

The venerable gentleman bowed his white head in respect to this plain truth, and the other glanced at me again, as if to say, "Now speak of what I would have you."

I declined to do so. I pursued matters of pure business, and kept Thurman in the background. The whist-counter began its whirring a third time. I arose to go.

"And do you come from town, and yet fail to bring us the news, sir?" said the daughter, flushing with anger, yet smiling most sweetly.

"What news would please you best, Miss Marion?"

"Oh, the news that one's ears burn for. What do the men say about our dinner to the *literati*?"

She tried three times to lead me thus. I refused to follow, and I thought at last that she would catch me by the arm as I turned away. Her color came and went like a girl's, and two or three times she tripped in her speech. I would have wagered all I owned that Marion Walling had never made two such exhibitions of her anxiety in all her life.

I got into the carriage and rode away alone. The path to the gate was somewhat devious, and the day was stormy—two reasons why the driver proceeded slowly. Just as we reached the last turn of the drive, I heard the clatter of the wicket that opened from the wood-path. The carriage stopped. I looked out and beheld Marion. She was covered with a cloak, and she panted heavily for breath. She was drenched with water, and her face was pale. She must have run like a deer to have caught us. She came forward two or three uncertain steps, and then missed her footing.

She stretched out her arm to save herself, and she caught the rim of the muddled wheel with her beautiful hand. She drew it back soiled to the wrist. Her hair had fallen over her face, and the shock had made her speechless.

In an instant she started as if with an electric shock. The indignity of her position brought back her dignity. She drew back like lightning, and cried to the driver to go on. She bent upon me a swift look of rage and *hauteur*, and raised her head and figure to their full height. I left her standing thus in the rain.

Should I tell Thurman of this? I own that I debated long, and that I was disposed to keep the matter to myself. My sense of justice, however, got the better of my will, and I presumed that I had been but the accidental discoverer of the something that belonged to him.

Therefore, upon my return to my chambers, I detailed every jot and tittle of the talk and its contingencies. I laid great stress upon the last scene—the scene at the gate.

Thurman, who was standing, raised his hand in a truly grand fashion, and cried in a deep voice—a voice that thrills me to this day—

"Too late!"

Then he walked to his table like a paralytic, and, sitting down, pretended to write, but never was there a sadder pretense. In a moment, he was bent over the table convulsed with emotion.

On the next day I proposed that he should travel with me to Ohio.

"Yes," he replied, "I will go."

Those were his words, but their sense was—

"I will determinedly cut myself loose from this infernal witchery: God guide my hand!"

I did not delay an hour. My task was plain.

Our destination was one of the islands in the famous group that lie at the western end of Lake Erie, a few miles north of Sandusky City. I was obliged to spend three days among the shore plantations before crossing to these islands, and I persuaded Thurman to go on before me and arrange for quarters at the hotel at Middle Bass. Having finished my business, I followed in due time. I discovered, by-the-way, that the Concord grape, which is the staple crop of these farms, was growing unevenly; and that the Catawbas, in consequence of the lack of rains, had not filled out, and would not, in all likelihood, bring good prices from the wine-men. The farmers (most of them were Germans) were despondent, and, while making all allowances for the business tenet which demanded that they look upon the dark side of all things, I could not but perceive that their ways were to be hard for that season at least.

The Wallings had hitherto been lenient with their debtors, but, having become impatient of slow and scant returns, they had determined, of late, to pursue a more rigid policy. I was the unhappy medium by which this policy was carried out, but I contrived to do my duty and to speak my harsh words with sufficient grace to ward off all ill-feeling.

At the hour of my arrival at Middle Bass, a flat, low-lying island, Thurman was out walking. I gained a hint of the direction he had taken, and I followed him. I came, after half an hour, to the gate-way of the Reinhart farm, and, as it was one of those in which my principals had an interest, it occurred to me to stop for a moment to find out how matters were going there. I walked down a long lane between two wide fields of ripening fruit, thinking far more, I admit, of the beauty of the day and the delicious warmth of the air than I did of profit and loss. All was as quiet and sunny as the heart could wish, and a sweet fragrance filled the air almost to repletion. At the distance of a quarter of a mile lay the sparkling waters of the placid lake, and at the edge of the land there stood a thin line of tall old oaks, the giant branches of which, half naked and half dressed in a gloomy verdure, reached upward toward the sky like human arms. Reinhart's house was old, and it was painted red. It was surrounded by low willows, and its yard and its high-pitched roof were in shade.

As I turned out of the grape-field I saw, sitting side by side, upon a bench beneath the rugged bole of one of these trees, Thurman and a sweet-faced girl of eighteen. She was bareheaded, and her golden hair was plaited and bound up in a tight knot behind. Her dress was of a dark-brown stuff, and from beneath her skirts there projected two pretty feet, crossed and composed. She was knitting a blue sock, and she was listening at the same time, with her head cast down, and inclined slightly upon one side, to what my friend was saying, and he was saying it most earnestly, though by no means secretly.

I recognized at once the daughter of Reinhart, for I had seen her there years before, and she was then a most lovable child. She was now a woman, and I have never seen a more innocent face than that which she raised when I first made my presence known.

Thurman showed no signs of discomfiture, but he welcomed me warmly. Seibel—that was the girl's name—led us about the place, showing us all the sights. "These are the old-country wooden panniers that we gather grapes in. These are the pipes that the wine runs into. This is the wine-press—ah, I do so long to see it run again! I press the grapes myself sometimes. Did you ever hear the stream of red wine flow into the empty pipes? it makes such a little roar!" and she laughed and showed her white teeth.

I did not see Reinhart. He was absent—in Toledo, I think.

When we were about to go, Thurman put out his hand. Seibel put hers into it fairly, and looked him in the face—not with that abominable sham frankness that knows its own name, but with natural thoughtlessness.

The season was most charming, and I did not hesitate to make up my mind to spend a month on the island. The greater number of the summer visitors had long since departed, and the long walks and the shady groves were almost entirely deserted. Now and then, in a long walk, one caught a glimpse of a city dress, or heard the ring of a city

laugh, but it was not often; the glorious sunlight, now doubly yellow, poured down upon the silent fields and the white roads, and every thing paused for the grapes to ripen.

Thurman went every day to Reinhart's house, and I frequently went with him. Finally Reinhart himself, urged by the good wife whose anxious face I had more than once seen peering cautiously through her vine-covered windows at the group upon the bench, came and put the question in a good-natured, roundabout way:

"Isn't your friend a lonely sort of fellow to be hanging round our Seibel so much? What do you think?"

"I'll speak to him," said I.

I did so. Thurman replied, quietly:

"I am going to marry her."

"What?"

"It is true."

"But your heart, your spirit, your entire nature, must be antagonistic to love! You are fresh from one of those defeats that drive men mad, or out of the world. It is impossible for you to stimulate a new passion."

"That is very true."

"Then explain."

"Listen: I admit that there is ruin somewhere. I observe myself from without myself, and I see that I am ill, that I am purposeless, that I am full of sorrow and regret. I go through a slight calculation, and I perceive that I must recover myself in order to be of any further use in the world. You admit that. Very well. Then, instead of taking usual measures—by usual measures I mean the slow processes of time and travel—I take a heroic measure. I force upon my attention an object whose nature is such that my distracted spirit and outraged sensibilities must soon assimilate with it. I find in Seibel a creature of absolute purity, elevated moral sense, ardent disposition, and unquestioning trust. I am as certain that my heart will entertain her at some time in the future as I am that we now talk together. I do not say that the memory of my real position does not agitate me at times even before her face, but I am resolved to hold her to my breast until her nature does its healing, purifying work, and then I shall hold her forever."

This was his idea, and faithfully did he labor to carry it into execution. It touched me to the quick to see him go out pale and languid fresh from some new realization of his pain, and seek in the grape-fields this fair-faced, simple-hearted child, and walk beside her hour after hour, bending his intelligence with an iron will upon the things that gave her interest and gratification. Reinhart and his wife took my word for it that they need have no fear, and so Thurman found a welcome from both at their house. He dined with them often, ate of their rough dishes, and looked pleased at their simple surroundings. On these occasions Seibel was gay and unaffected, and she would sit beside him happy at his contentment.

Meanwhile, the grapes ripened poorly, and the buyers who were abroad shook their heads. I sent intelligence to the Wallings through the office, and proposed to wait until the gathering-season came, for it would

then be easier to judge of the financial prospects of the farmers.

From a friend who wrote, I learned that the news of Thurman's rejection by Miss Walling had produced a fierce indignation against her among the people who knew the parties, and that she had gone into a semi-retirement. It also appeared that it was not generally known where Thurman had flown to—an ignorance that I had no wish to dissipate.

Week after week in October went by, and still the song of love was sung without let or hindrance. I saw the two sitting beside the shore in the long, sweet afternoons, idly listening to the waves, or devoutly listening to each other. Thurman was succeeding. I noted signs of returning strength in his manner, and an increased vigor in his method of talking. These proofs were slight, to be sure, but they were positive as far as they went.

On the 23d of October, at a late hour in the afternoon, I received a note by messenger who came from a club-hotel at the lower part of the island.

It invited me to call at once on a matter of pressing importance, and it was signed by Marion Walling.

I was thunderstruck. She had found us out, and was upon the ground with no good purpose. What unhappy fate had led her here? Thurman was not present. I hastened to obey the summons.

Miss Walling received me in a private parlor, one of those poor rooms scantily furnished with the cheap material of watering-place grandeur.

I was astonished, nay, shocked at the change that had taken place in Miss Walling's appearance. She had become wasted in face and person, and her features, always serious in expression, were now most sad. Her large, dark eyes turned upon me with a look of appeal that I had never beheld before, and her voice, at this somewhat important moment, almost escaped her mastery. She was alone, and she received me without formality.

"You see that I am here," she said, with a faint smile. I bowed. "We have been here, father and I, for three days."

I did not conceal my surprise. She hesitated a moment, and then said, with painful deliberation—a deliberation which enabled her to compose herself before the utterance of each word:

"Mr. Weymouth, you know why I am here. I feel that I could not deceive you even if I would, for it has been your ill-fortune to discover that I am weak—or rather, perhaps, that I am strong—for I have come at last to count it a strength to be able to love. Tell me, is what I have seen true?"

The word "true" fell from her lips with so strange an accent that I could not but comprehend much of its significance. I therefore hesitated, but at length replied:

"Yes, I believe it to be true."

"Is it possible that it can be any thing more than an attempt to solace himself for the pain that I inflicted upon him?"

"Yes, it is."

"You are sure?"

"I am."

"Possibly he has told you that it is.—Yes?—Then can you repeat what he said?"

I did so. I did not convey any of my own feeling, but I think that I gave Thurman's in full. It was a hard task, for I could see the listener shudder and droop under the successive assurances that all was lost to her.

After I had finished there was a long silence. I looked downward, not caring to witness the perturbation of my companion. After a minute I was aroused by a movement on her part. I looked up. A great change had come over her. Her cheeks were flushed with color, her eyes had lost their mournfulness and were now bright and piercing. She stood erect, and faced me with an air of aggression.

"Knowing your aptitude for business, I have no doubt that, in spite of the demands that friendship has made upon your time and attention, you have observed the condition of the Reinhart farm?"

I indicated that I had.

"It is clear to you, I suppose, then, that its tenant will again fail to meet his engagements with us?"

"I have not seen enough yet to warrant such a decision."

"Ah—then you are troubled with blindness! I have examined every thing; I think that nothing has escaped me. I request you to take steps for the foreclosure of its mortgage."

The motive of this was only too plain. A sudden revolution in her temper had made it possible for her to conceive this fierce but feeble plan to gain her object. I, of course, could not be instrumental in the transaction of business that arose from such sources, and I said so in as many words.

She gave me an angry reply.

This enabled me to address to her a speech which treated, I think, of every phase of her conduct in the matter with Thurman, and every sentiment that had been evolved from the outrage. I did not spare her. The indignation that I felt found ready words, and, I think, if I recall these words with any degree of accuracy, they must have told keenly upon her. I spoke as if the most elevated height—the height where the love was first conceived—a height immeasurably above the plane of common loves—and, as the cause had been great, so my denunciation of its ruin was severe and relentless.

I uttered the last words in the colloquy.

I left Miss Walling trembling between rage and remorse, unable to gainsay me, yet beholding, in far higher colors than I had painted it, the picture of the error she had made. I left the room and the house, and returned to the hotel, where I cast myself down to puzzle out the course that it was best for me to pursue.

It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. The day was cloudless and warm, and I vaguely remembered that I had seen the grape-pickers in the teeming fields, and that the day was like a day of heaven.

At five o'clock I heard Thurman's steps in the corridor. They were hurried, and I had hardly time to raise myself to my feet before he came into the room.

He terrified me a second time by his wild

appearance. He looked much as he had looked upon the day that he came from his defeat at Lahill.

He fixed his eyes upon me, and, passing by, went on into his own chamber. He opened his trunk, searched in it for a moment, closed it, and then came back, still walking rapidly. He gained the door before I could utter a word.

"Thurman! Thurman!"

"Weymouth," cried he, suddenly, "give me your word that you have not interfered against me over there." He nodded in the direction of Seibel's house.

"I give you my word that I have not."

"Good! I knew that. May God bless and keep you, my dear, good friend!"

In an instant he was gone. He descended the stairs, crossed the hall, crossed the echoing piazza, and then his footsteps were lost upon the lawn.

I cannot say what stupidity kept me wondering, as I did, for fifteen minutes about the reason and force of both his act and words. I sat like a mummy, and with my wits as dead as if I were asleep. I had not made up my mind what to do, and it was not until the clock struck the hour of five that I divested myself of the mist that involved me.

Then I leaped to my feet with the question in my mouth, "What did he take from his trunk?" I ran into his room, and found the box locked and the key gone.

I had once seen a hall-porter spring a lock with a well-placed, vigorous kick. I tried this kick. It succeeded; the lid flew up, and I seized it. I looked for Thurman's pistol-case. As I now fully expected, one of the glittering weapons was gone.

Now, then, for Reinhart's house! I caught up my hat, and was out-of-doors in an instant. It was not a time for roads and corners, and I took a straight line over fences, through yards, and across vineyards, and never halted for an instant. And well I might not. I had upon my shoulders the blame for this crisis. I ran like a fox.

I came up to the old red house with its clumped wood by a side-path that, being grass-grown, gave no echo to my footsteps. I caught glimpses, while I was yet thirty yards away, of figures moving in the little courtyard.

I was about to burst in upon them, when their positions and behavior deterred me.

There were present Thurman, Seibel, and Reinhart. Thurman, almost facing the covert where I was, was standing beside the bole of one of the willows. The girl was locked close in his arms, with her head turned sideways and upward upon his breast. Her eyes were closed, but between their lids there trickled a few tears—not a hot current that denoted a turbulent passion, but those scant drops that utter woe sometimes wrings from one whom it has paralyzed.

The father, who had instinctively bared his head, grasped the skirt of his daughter's dress with his gnarled hand, and, with the rim of his hat half covering his trembling lips, sought to draw her away.

For one splendid instant they stood thus. All was absolutely silent. Even the rustle of the leaves was hushed, and the falling

sunlight spread upon their heads and figures its ineffable glow.

What a scene was this for me!—I who could divine the agonies that beset them all. I had but to utter a word to dissolve these agonies—I had but to apprise Thurman of the cause of the sudden change in Reinhart's sordid mind to explode the sorrow that seemed to impend—but I did not move. I was entranced, allured by the poetic spectacle.

Seibel's arms dropped from her lover's shoulder, her head sank upon her breast, and, guided by her father's hand, she made a step backward. Had it not been for the glaring brilliancy of Thurman's eyes, I believe I should have thought him dead, notwithstanding his upright position. He was as white as chalk, his cheeks were "dragged" upon his face, and his lips were parted over his set teeth. His shoulders were lowered, and his form was so bent that it did not seem that he could sustain it a moment.

From Seibel's lips there burst a long cry that partly resembled the groan of a man and partly the wailing of a child. She did not look at Thurman. Her fortitude was something sublime. The two, father and daughter, drew away inch by inch, the former growing more resolute and the latter more mild.

What was this to end in? Could the girl's filial love withstand this frightful test? Could Thurman's spirit bear yet another outrage?

I felt a touch upon my arm.

Before I turned I knew whose face I was to meet. It seemed as natural that Marion Walling should be there as that any criminal should be present at his own arraignment.

She whispered distinctly:

"Prevent this! Send her back to him! Tell Reinhart that I will not interfere. Hasten, in the name of Mercy!"

I looked at her for an instant. From her lips these words were simply heroic. They were against the spirit of the whole of her willful life. With one breath she dammed up the fierce current of her desires—a current that had heretofore swept all obstacles before it—and for this cause!

She was pallid, and tears stood in her eyes. Tears from Marion Walling!

I turned and walked quickly into the court-yard, and was beside Reinhart in a moment. I whispered to him. He quitted his hold upon his daughter's dress. She flew to Thurman like an arrow. I heard them kiss each other, and I led Reinhart away. Miss Walling had left the place, and I did not see her until that night at a late hour.

She sent for me at her hotel and said:

"I beg that you will, if possible, keep it secret from Mr. Thurman that I have been here. If it is not possible, endeavor to make him think that I have had no hand in his affairs. If that is not possible, make it clear at least that I now perceive how guilty toward him I have been. Say that I humble myself before him—that I, too, have pain—pain that I fear will never leave me!"

I could believe that. I never saw a woman so utterly cast down, and yet holding herself with so grand an air.

She and her father left the island on the

morning of the following day. I told Thurman all. He bowed gravely, but said nothing—not a word. He and Seibel were married within the week, and I believe them to be perfectly happy.

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

CUBAN LITERATURE.

IT is strange, though nevertheless a fact, that the sorrowful events which have marked the history of Spain's richest possession, and enlisted the sympathies of the outside world, have caused the literature of the island to be almost wholly overlooked. More strange it is that, amid the cares and vexations arising from civil and political strife, Cuba should have produced any writers capable of interesting the general public by the vigor, beauty, and dignity of their work.

When treating the literature of any people it is always well to begin with its poetry. We find no difficulty in choosing the names of Heredia, Milanes, and Placido, as three Cuban poets to whom all praise is due. Indeed, the best productions of the Cuban mind must be sought in the realm of poetry. As in older lands, the poet, the morning-star of the mind, is also the patriot in the minstrel, and is recognized as such by the government.

The three poets whose names we have just written are the representatives of as many classes of the population in the cities. To unfold, in brief, their character and temper, may only be perchance to picture the impulses of the higher order of Cuban minds.

José Maria Heredia was the son of a patriot, and was born at Santiago de Cuba in 1808. For nearly sixteen years he lived in Mexico, and then, removing to Havana, began the practice of the law. Being naturally gifted, and possessing a high degree of intelligence, it was to be expected that Heredia would draw down upon himself the suspicions of a government which believed that "information should not become general in the island." Proscribed by ignorance and malice, Heredia came to America, where he remained but a short time.

In 1826 he went again into Mexico, and there became Assistant Secretary of State, afterward a judge on the Supreme bench, and finally a senator of the republic. He died, in office, on the 6th of May, 1839, dearly beloved on account of his integrity, charity, and amiability of character. Although he passed away in exile, he never forgot the land which gave him birth, or ceased to lament the down-trodden fortune of his fellow-countrymen.

It is unnecessary for the present to indulge any thorough criticism of Heredia's writings. But this much may be said: as a poet, the dignity of his thoughts, the harmony of his versification, and the graces of his language, fully support his claim to the high rank which his countrymen have assigned to him.

In order to make this assertion more certain of appreciation, one would simply have to recall the poem of "Niagara," of which Mr. Bryant has given us a most excellent version.

Who else has ever pictured in such sublime language a scene whose "expressive silence" best can sing? Even upon the brink of those mighty falls, the palm-trees of Cuba sigh through the wanderer's thoughts, and whisper sadly of the misery that abounds in their shade.

Where, too, can we find so genuine a thrill of poetic feeling and manly passion as are shown in the following extract from "The Exile's Hymn?"—

"Fair land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
Life's far extremes of noble and of mean;
The world of sense in matchless beauty dressed,
And nameless horrors hid within thy breast.
Ordained of Heaven the fairest flower of earth,
False to thy gifts, and reckless of thy birth!
The tyrant's clamor and the slave's sad cry,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply—
Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
While virtue faints, and vice unblushing reigns.

"Rise, and to power a daring heart oppose!
Confront with death these worse than death-like woes.

Unfailing valor chains the flying fate;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state!

We, too, can leave a glory and a name
Our children's children shall not blush to claim;
To the far future let us turn our eyes,
And up to God's still unpolluted skies!

What hast thou, Cuban? Life itself resign—
Thy very grave is insecurely thine!
Thy blood, thy treasure, poured like tropic rain
From tyrant hands to feed the soil of Spain.
If it be truth that nations still must bear
The crushing yoke, the wasting fetters wear—
If to the people this be Heaven's decree
To clasp their shame, nor struggle to be free,
From truth so base my heart indignant turns,
With freedom's frenzy all my spirit burns,
That rage which ruled the Roman's soul of fire,
And filled thy heart, Columbia's patriot sire!
Cuba, thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright
As thy free air—as full of living light:
Free as the waves that foam around thy strands,
Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands!"

Milanes, unlike Heredia, was a plebeian by birth, and belonged strictly to the mercantile class. Very little is related of his public life, while of his domestic life we can only catch a glimpse occasionally in his verse. Always despondent and always melancholy, his soul could give origin only to strains of a sad, mystical fervor.

Says his brother: "He was inspired with the noble enthusiasm of accomplishing a great social mission, and, possessed of faith and hope, selected for the subject of his songs moral or philosophical ideas." While reading the plaintive murmurs of Milanes, we are often reminded of the sonnets of Camoens, or the complaints of Tasso. And, when we are told that the poet's consciousness of the wrongs of his country finally overpowered his reason, we need not be surprised.

We have now to speak of Placido—or of Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, for such was his real name—who was born a mulatto, bred a pariah, and fell a victim to the tyranny of the government.

We need not here record any particulars of his career, for surely we shall find them nowhere written down, and, besides, the world cares but little for the homely annals of a martyr. There is one scene, however, in the life of Placido, which ought not to be forgotten. It interprets the inspiration which made him

a poet, and fills the mind of him who contemplates it with ineffable sadness.

When, in 1844, signs of an insurrection among the colored population of Cuba began to appear, the captain-general resolved to meet them by military action. Hordes of British troopers were let loose in the island; and one after another of the suspected leaders was made a victim of cruelty. In the campaign, "numbers of free persons of color and of slaves died under the lash"—another account says three thousand—"many others were summarily shot, and such infamous excesses were committed by the *fiscales* as beggar belief." The victims of this dreadful persecution were stripped of their property, and the crown officers—with a few honorable exceptions—soon converted their system of terror into a grand financial expedient. White creoles and foreigners were not exempted from the pestilence of power, and the planters were compelled to ransom their slaves at great cost from a tribunal which arrested without accusation and condemned without inquiry.

It is impossible to state whether Placido was in any way concerned in the conspiracy or not. For a long time previous, however, he had won a fair reputation as a poet, and was highly respected by his class. This fact alone was enough to convict him in the eyes of the government, and certain it is that he was of the number of those who were first arrested, and, being adjudged guilty, was sentenced to be shot.

While sinking beneath the weight of his prison-chains, and awaiting the preparations for his departure from this world, Placido composed one of the finest of his poems. We give a version of it entire, forewarning the reader that it falls far beneath the beauty and pathos of the original. The poem is entitled "Prayer to God."

"O God of love unbounded! Lord supreme!
In overwhelming grief to thee I fly;
Bending this veil of hateful calumny,
Oh, let thine arm of might my fame redeem!
Wipe thou this foul disgrace from off my brow,
With which the world hath sought to stamp it now.

"Thou King of kings, my fathers' God and mine,
Thou art my sure and strong defense;
The polar snows, and tropic fires intense,
The shaded sea, the air, the light, are thine;
The life of leaves, the waters' changeable tide,
All things are thine, and by thy will abide.

"Thou art all power; all life from thee goes forth,
And fails to flow obedient to thy breath;
Without thee all is naught; in endless death
All Nature stinks, forlorn and nothing worth.
Yet even the void obeys thee, and from naught,
By thy dread word, the living man was wrought.

"Merciful God! how should I thee deceive?
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul!
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base control,
Her stainless wings not now the air may cleave.
Send forth thine hosts of truth, and set her free!

Stay thou, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

"Forbid it, Lord, by that most free outpouring
Of thine own precious blood for every brother
Of our lost race, and by thy holy Mother,
So full of grief, so loving, so adoring,
Who, clothed in sorrow, followed thee afar,
Weeping thy death like a declining star.

"But if this lot thy love ordains to me—
To yield to foes most cruel and unjust,
To die, and leave my poor and senseless dust
The scoff and sport of their weak enmity—
Speak thou! and then thy purposes fulfill;
Lord of my life, work thou thy perfect will."

Sad letters Placido wrote to his wife and mother before the last dread hour had come. On the 28th of June nineteen victims, along with the poet, were led into the Plaza of Matanzas. Like a chieftain leading on his warriors, like an Indian chanting his death-song, Placido passed to his end, singing his own noble prayer. Writes the historian of the scene: "He was to suffer first, stepped into the square, knelt with unbandaged eyes, and gave the signal to the soldiers. When the smoke rolled away, it was seen that he had only been wounded, and had fallen in agony to the ground. A murmur of pity and horror ran through the crowd; but Placido, slowly rising to his knees, drew up his form proudly, and cried, in a broken voice: 'Farewell, world! ever pitiless to me! Fire here!' raising his hand to his temples."

The best criticism of Placido's poetic genius lies in the "Prayer to God." He who could so feel and speak requires no vainworded eulogy. "I know no Cuban poet," says S  las de Querog  , "Heredia included, who approaches him in genius, in polish, and in dignity."

And yet this man Placido was only a mulatto, who might have stood behind a lady at table, and thought himself only too fortunate to listen to the twaddle of pretty sentimentalism! Is it not truly wonderful to hear a poet, esteemed humble by the society in which he lives, addressing himself to the Queen-Regent of Spain in language like this?

"Some one there is who, with his golden lyre,
Worthier thy sovereign ear, shall chant
To the vibrations of its jeweled strings
More grateful songs, perchance, but not more free!"

Other poets belong to Cuba than those whose names we have already written. It cannot be said, however, that as works of art the poems which have achieved the most unbounded popularity in the island deserve high commendation. The student of Spanish literature need not be told of the superabundance of bad models that have sprung up since the days of Cervantes and Calder  n. But it may be said that the study of the French romanticists has somewhat relieved the Cuban poets from Spanish thralldom. New secrets of composition have been disclosed by Victor Hugo and Lamartine (was there ever a Cuban that would not fall worshiping at the feet of the latter?), while materialism in morals and philosophy has been taught by Volney and De Tracy. Yet the prevailing temper of the tropics is as hostile to the highest forms of poetry as to incessant labor.

Everywhere the voice, equally with the mind, grows languid in summer; and more especially is this true in a land where summer is almost eternal. "Out of their few warm days," says Landor, "the English, if the produce is not wine and oil, gather song and garner sensibility. Out of their unchanging heats and splendors, the sons of the tropics gather tears and garner sentimentalism."

If we have refrained from presenting to the reader the names of all the Cuban poets, those rich, sonorous Spanish names, which one cannot utter without an unconscious inflation of the voice and an involuntary wave of the hand, perhaps the titles of some of their works will convey a sufficient idea to the judicious reader of the school to which they should be referred: "Passion-flowers," "Heart-beats," "Leaves of my Soul," "Soul-echoes," "Whirlwinds of the Tropics," such are the phrases which most delight. Scarcely, if ever, do we find in these poems the lack of a true respect for what is truest in womanhood; and Milan  s only bespeaks the faith of his fellows when he says:

"Still in woman's heart the true Eden lingers,
Bearing fruit of Loving, Feeling, and Belief."

As yet but little may be said of the prose literature of Cuba. One reason for this may be found in the exclamation of Jacques de Molay to his judges. "How can we speak," said he, "who have no freedom to will; for, with the loss of freedom to will, man loses every thing—honor, courage, eloquence!"

There are bookstores in Havana in which there are worthy and readable volumes. But it would be difficult to point out any thing in these books which should indicate that the University of Havana has borne any more fruit than the Oxford of the Arabs—El Azhar. Cuban newspapers are exceedingly trashy; there are no magazines of any value; and whatever is published in them is certain to lack vigor and earnestness, because wholly under the surveillance of the Spaniards. The days when the Inquisitors sought out heretics to their death were not more terrible than some of the days of Spanish oppression in Cuba.

If a lady wishes to read a novel, she may either take down from the shelf a tale of one of the ancient romancers, or content herself with a translation of some recent French novel. As in the Parisian press, one often beholds a *feuilleton* occupying a large space in an Havana newspaper. Publishers can better afford to make use of this means of pleasure than to pay large sums for more important services. The leading articles are often able; but the body of the paper is filled with very poor miscellaneous matter.

Such a personage as a "reporter" is almost unknown in Cuba. Very nearly all of the current news is picked up only by *hearsay*, and, being passed from ear to ear among the merchants who congregate on the crowded quay, gains in size and interest by the time that it reaches the journal office. In Havana, especially, it is possible for a few lines to attain the length of a column in the course of a couple of hours.

GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

"THROUGH THE WELL."

MOST English cities and towns that date back to the feudal times have their Freemen—candidates for the ranks of which are elected upon a certain day every year. The qualifications of candidature differ in various towns, but generally they consist either in hereditary descent or by serving a specified

term of years' apprenticeship to one of those privileged burghers. Candidates are elected for life, and are entitled to vote for parliamentary representatives of the county, division, or borough, to which they belong.

In times past, when the franchise was confined to the aristocratic few, these Freemen were naturally held in high estimation. Then they were a power in the land, and, as they generally stood united, their "vote and interest" was of considerable importance at election-times. To their credit be it said, they usually "plumped" on the side of liberty and reform, and in opposition to the conservative interests of the Tory lord of the manor. Historians have been too chary in according to these Freemen full credit for the part they played in patiently assisting the development of those great principles of parliamentary reform that England now enjoys. The names of great reform leaders naturally become household words, while the particular class of voters that sent them to St. James's is overlooked. The Greys of Northumberland, to take a single example, owed their seats in the House of Commons to the Freemen of Alnwick and Morpeth, who, in firm phalanx and with sometimes perilous perseverance, did battle against the Tory nominee of Percy, Duke of Northumberland. The part that the Greys enacted during the great struggle that culminated in the Reform Bill of 1832 belongs to history; and many instances might be cited where the Freemen's vote turned the wavering balance against aristocratic despotism.

Inasmuch as the various charters of these Freemen date back to feudal times, it is not surprising that the act of bestowing immunities and privileges invariably involved some mortifying humiliation. Thus, in one town the candidate for freedom is led round certain streets like a horse with his head in a hempen halter. In another, he is swung feet and hands by and between two officers of the Freemen's Guild, and thus for half a score times has his hams brought into vigorous collision with a huge round boulder on the town moor; while in Alnwick, as all the text-books tell you, "the person who takes up his Freedom is obliged by a clause in the charter to jump into an adjacent bog, in which sometimes he must sink to his chin."

The subscriber jumped into this "bog" nearly a score of years since; and, on the 25th day of April, 1874, while revisiting old scenes in England, he again stood beside the Stygian mud-pool, and beheld a dozen candidates pass "through the Well." Here was a most grotesque and extraordinarily amusing rite celebrated on an extensive common, in the open daylight, and yet there was not a single reporter present. Imagine such a condition of affairs in enterprising America! Nor does it appear—and the memory of man serves not to the contrary—that a single member of that industrious fraternity ever witnessed the ceremony of making an Alnwick Freeman. Nothing approaching a description, so far as the present writer knows, has ever been printed. The following sketch, therefore, of the scenes witnessed last year on St. Mark's Day is hereby offered, as ingenious inventors say, to "supply a felt want."

Alnwick always awakes to unusual activity on this morning of St. Mark's Day. Around the White Swan, Black Swan, Turk's Head, and Star Hotels, groups of gossiping town-folks are congregated, recalling "the glorious days of the old stage-coach," when Alnwick was a town of bustling importance on the route between London and Edinburgh. Every quaint little tavern has its knot of idlers, every tortuous alley-way has vomited its complement of spectators into the street, while around the Market Cross and St. Michael's Pant there are still larger knots of loungers speculating on the events of the day—who will be "first through," who will "win the boundaries," how many equestrian disasters will befall, and so on.

Meantime, sparse droves of country people are beginning to bustle along Bondgate, down Pottergate and Clayport, and up Watergate and the Peth, toward the centre of interest. Every one looks for the holly-bush as he walks along—for the huge holly at the door is the immemorial insignia of such as aspire to the Freedom of Alnwick on this auspicious day. At what time the great castle-clock and Town-Hall clock agree in booming forth, stroke for stroke, the hour of ten, the excitement has reached fever-heat. Everybody is now in the market-place. The Freemen, *in esse*, gallantly mounted on all sorts of steeds—colts, broken-down thorough-breds, shaggy-hoofed Belgians, and huge Cleveland roadsters—each man in his "Sunday claes," and his grandsire's sword clanking awkwardly by his side, are drawn up in front of the Town Hall. Their friends, some mounted, more afoot, surround them, and recount to button-holed listeners the memorable achievements of their several years. Presently emerge from the ancient portals of the Hall, and gravely descend the broad stone stairway, the four chamberlains, in cocked-hat and flowing wig, enveloped in ample gold-laced cloaks, breeches, and silk stockings, and bearing proudly their white wands of office. Accompanying them is the castle bailiff, in equally conspicuous regalia, somewhat more austere bearing, and more pronounced withal about the calves. It is this high official's duty to see that the twelve candidates comply with every provision of the ancient charter; failing in any jot or tittle of which he will report to his noble master, the Duke of Northumberland, when there will certainly be trouble.

While they are organizing the departure to "the Well," it may not be amiss to glance briefly at the privileges these Freemen enjoy.

By grant of King John, "Ayden Forest," or, as it is commonly called, Alnwick Moor, belongs to the Freemen forever; or, to speak more accurately, for so long as they strictly observe the conditions imposed. This "forest" consists of three thousand acres of land, rolling in a billowy slope westward from the town until it attains a considerable elevation, and its western boundary, at Lemington Ridge. It is mostly inferior land, more or less covered with purple heather and the yellow-blooming gorse; but it is "a fine sheep-walk," and a few hundred acres near Alnwick, and bounded on the north by the park-wall of the duke, is very superior soil. Of

the natural beauties of its landscape it is unnecessary to speak, except to remark that the ancient charter distinctly forbids any interference with them by any form of cultivation. The gorse or the heather may be burned, but not hoed or otherwise eradicated by any implement; while no crop whatsoever, except of Nature's original planting, shall be raised upon any portion of it. Each Freeman is allowed the pasturage of a stipulated number of sheep, oxen, cows, or horses, or he may sell his privilege from year to year; and, as no fences are permitted except at the boundaries, the flocks are cared for by shepherds. Thus, for centuries, the Freemen, closely watched by grasping lords of the house of Percy, maintained their moor intact. But, a quarter of a century since, an infusion of restless spirits was received into the hitherto staid and eminently cautious body. The old charter was torn from its sanctuary, examined, and learnedly criticised by these rash reformers. Meetings were held, speeches made, and resolutions passed to the effect that a certain portion of Alnwick Moor be straightway inclosed and cultivated as arable land for the use of said Freemen, etc. The duke sat in his castle hard by the silver Alne, and to these resolutions he gave no token of his approval or disapproval. But, when the ploughshare pierced the virgin soil of Ayden, the Percy made wassail in his hall; and his forester and his woodmen were directed to inclose one thousand acres of the moor that adjoined his park. It was the fairest portion of the tract, and it had been surveyed two centuries before in anticipation of that fatal ploughshare. This was the penalty imposed by a violation of the charter: "one third of the land to revert to the lord of the manor." And there it will remain, so far as the Freemen are concerned, till the crack of doom.

The duke's piper, mounted on a gayly-caparisoned horse, led by a groom, having now joined the high officials, the cavalcade is ready to move. Foremost rides the piper, skirling a merry tune, his attire apparently composed of bottle-green velvet, bespangled with huge silver buckles; then the bailiff, severe of mien, mounted on a noble charger, followed by the chamberlains, on substantial but excessively gentle steeds; then come the dozen aspirants for Freedom, riding in as many styles and degrees of awkwardness as might be imagined from their various pursuits and modes of life. A tailor, a hatter, a vintner, a tanner, a clogger, an eggler, a carrier, three farmers, and two of uncertain occupation, form the group; and chaff and criticism and laughter greet this group on every side. Through Narrowgate, along Bailiffgate, and up the shady "Rattan Raw," the piper leads the way, until a noble old Gothic archway is passed, and we are fairly on the moor-edge. The clayey road, stretching far up over the rolling hills of purple and green, looks like a huge saurian; and, as we ride down the steep declivity to the "Stocking Burn," we find that it is excessively slippery from recent rains. The eager pedestrians hail this as a joyful circumstance, and keep remarking, "There'll be fun on this hill on the way back."

Over the moor for five miles—now descending a brent bank, now ascending a stae brae—we finally reach Freeman's Hill, whereon is situated the drumlie Styx, through which these dozen have to pass. Every one now dismounts. The rabble, considerably thinned, gathers round. The chamberlains draw their silver-mounted horns, and toast the bailiff. The neophytes produce their flasks and toast their friends and each other, and the utmost good-humor prevails.

Imagine a tank one hundred and fifty feet square formed in the ground, brimful of intensely yellow-clayey colored water, and you have the surface idea of Freeman's Well. Beneath that non-committal surface, however, are mazes dire and pitfalls profound. Earthen dikes, forming fantastic geometric figures, are run across the unseen depths. Strong straw ropes are deftly trained across angles and diameters to trap unwary feet. Here there is a mound of varying width, nearly level with the surface; close by there is a pitfall six feet deep, where a short man quietly plumps over head, to emerge like a clay figure fresh from the modeler, gasping, blowing, and flopping until, haply, another ridge or rope shall jerk him head-first into another miry lurking-hole. Such is the "Well," and every one on its brink is aware of its character.

The twelve candidates have now stripped to their under-clothes, and each has bound a colored silken handkerchief tightly round his brow. Some of them are gaudily beribboned over the chest and around the waist. And here what a wit among the rabble aptly denominates "a bow-houghed and hen-shinned hatter" has actually added circus-spangles to his blaze of cherry-colored ribbons. Even here on this bleak hill, amid this wild moor, one is reminded that there are fops every-where.

But the twelve are now ready, and the "entrance" side of the Well is cleared. By common consent they retire a few paces from the brink, so that by a running leap they may clear as much of the muddy mystery as practicable. Whoop! there they go. Nine have kept their feet, but the bespangled hatter and the two Agricolas have come to sudden grief. Soon there is only one man, and that man the tailor, standing unbaptized. The churning, and floundering, and yelling, and laughing of the others are outrageously funny. Shouts of laughter burst from every throat. Every mouth, in the fringe of faces surrounding the pool, is wide open. Even the bailiff has surrendered his gravity, and joins in the mad "Ha! ha!" But the guffaw culminates in a paroxysmal roar when the tailor bobs clean out of sight in the deepest and muddiest limbo of the whole Avernus, and then crawls slowly to view with whole bucketfuls of slimy clay moving like an avalanche down his limbs. There, one fellow has found a bank, and is standing thereon to recover wind and collect his liquefied senses. Yonder four have rolled into the same straw-rope cellar, and madly clutch each other in the frantic effort to be up and out, while they only manage to prolong their disastrous imprisonment and the roars of laughter that greet their wriggling contortions. Here the

tanner, with the sagacity to be expected of one whose business it is to soak his nether extremities in pits, keeps well behind the ruck of excited plungers, feels his way cautiously, and takes his disasters philosophically.

One and all, however, at length safely reach the opposite bank, but in such a condition as not to be recognizable by their nearest friends. Friends make haste to offer the welcome dram and dry clothes often to strangers, for neither spangles nor ribbons avail as helps to recognition. Every mother's son has precisely the same complexion—half an inch thick—of plastic yellow clay. Even the voice—if the clay soup have been generously partaken of—is not always to be immediately relied upon.

Soon, however, the new Freeman are purified without and fortified within. Everybody wants to shake hands with the tailor, inasmuch as he has won the "honors of the Well" by getting "first through." He is absurdly proud of his feat, and takes more "tastes" from offered flasks than are likely to be of use to him in view of the exhilarating ride home.

The chamberlains give the signal to mount. The twelve now ride in front along the south boundary of the moor, and at certain ancient stations dismount and place each a stone upon a cairn. When the last cairn has been thus honored, the twelve await, with breathless anxiety, the word "Go" from the bailiff.

There, at last! Off start the twelve horses devouring the road, and raising thick showers of sloppy mud. They are two good miles from the arch at the head of Botton Row, and the track, at first, is up-hill. Every rider reaches the summit in good order, for every rider has been duly warned to save his horse till the Stocking Burn is crossed. Down-hill, however, the fun now begins. For the tailor, prompted by a frenzied ambition to win both the great events of the day, grabs his steed by the mane and yells at him like a Comanche. The old roadster is still full of mischief. He cranes out his neck, lays down his ears, and bolts. In less than two minutes Snip is rolled ignominiously into the midst of an exceptionally well-armed furze-bush, while Bucephalus drifts away down the long hill until he reaches the Burn, where he stoops to drink, and then turns quietly aside to graze.

Meantime, the eleven, fired by the tailor's daring, are enacting a side-splitting travesty of a fox-hunt. All England certainly could not produce eleven more clumsy exemplars of the glory of motion. The townfolks, *en masse*, have come up to the moor to see the fun, and banter and yells rend the skies, and totally demoralize the already distracted horsemen. When the foremost farmer crosses the Stocking Burn, five of the new Freeman have retired from the race, while the tailor is trying to capture his ancient roadster, but the exasperating brute knows too much, and dodges every attempt, amid the laughter and jeers of the rabble. The foremost farmer rides carefully up the last hill, and passes through the arch, amid the acclamations of the on-lookers, and "the boundaries" of 1874 are won.

At this "Rattan-Row" Arch the respective victors of the "Well" and the "boundaries" are presented with floral trophies by two young ladies—daughters of prominent Freeman designated for the purpose. The procession is then formed, as before, with the shrill "small-pipes" in the van. Surrounded by a demonstrative crowd, Water-gate pump, as a Freeman's possession, is ridden round by the twelve; and Bailiffgate is traversed until the barbacan of the castle is reached. After certain antique ceremonials, the warden throws open the massive gates, and the chamberlains and the new Freeman are heralded through the outer, second, and into the inner ward. Here they are lavishly regaled with wines and potent twenty-years-old ale, served in huge two-handed silver tankards, at the expense of the noble duke.

The horsemanship of the untutored Freeman is not improved as they are seen to sally from the barbacan an hour afterward; and on this occasion the tailor and the tanner prefer to "do it" on foot. The twelve proceed to the houses of such of their number as are within the town limits, and as each holly-bush is reached decanters and glasses are produced, and a good deal of deep drinking is accomplished.

When the emancipated dozen retired to their respective pillows, to dream over their new-born privileges, it seemed to the writer an open question whether the filthy ablution in the "Well," or the bacchanalian orgies in the town subsequently, were the more objectionable. But he has not given an over-drawn picture of the process by which Freeman are made in Alnwick.

JAMES WRIGHT.

THE NEW EGYPT OF KHÉDIVE ISMAIL.

I.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

HAVING spent part of last winter in Egypt, I purpose giving your readers, from time to time, some sketches of what I saw there, and some idea of the immense changes wrought on place and people by the energetic efforts of one man—the Khédive Ismail—since I left the country a few years ago.

These changes are both external and internal, and it is no exaggeration to say that, since Czar Peter, no ruler has ever wrought so wonderful and radical a revolution in the character, habits, and training of a people, or in the march of an empire, as the Khédive of Egypt has already initiated, and is pressing to successful completion, into the very heart of Africa.

Passing by, for the moment, the outward evidences of material progress which now force themselves on the eye and attention of the latter-day tourist, at Alexandria, Cairo, and other great centres of population—as well as the vast acquisitions but recently made in Central Africa—the abolition of the internal slave-trade, and the establishment of the new mixed legal tribunals (each one of which is a revolution), I design to briefly state some facts in relation to the educa-

tional progress made and making within the last ten years.

Never before in the history of mankind has the effort been made to educate an entire people all at once—to drag them up from utter ignorance into the light of culture and civilization through the instrumentality of absolute power; and the success is almost as wonderful as the attempt. Under Saïd Pasha's administration, in 1862, the government appropriations annually for educational purposes (then in the hands of the imaums, or priests) amounted to about twenty thousand dollars. In 1872 the government appropriated four hundred thousand dollars for that purpose, with large and liberal donations from the khédive and his sons, to the tune of many thousands more, to the private schools, native and foreign, Mussulman and Christian, male and female.

In Mehemet Ali's time there were but six thousand boys receiving public instruction; and this such as the native priests were capable of giving them—which, of course, was very little—they, as a class, being ignorant of all but the Koran and a little ciphering. The schools of the missionaries, established under his successors, very limited in means and extent, have only been useful to a few of the children of the native Christians—a handful of the population.

The schools now established, under the supervision of European instructors, such as the learned and skilled Inspector of Schools, M. Doa—a Swiss—and Mr. Rogers, late British consul at Cairo, now School Superintendent—and one of the best Arabic scholars among the foreign residents—are intended to educate the whole growing male community of Egypt. Separate schools, richly endowed, have been established for the education of girls—a startling novelty—patronized by the royal princess, and presided over by Miss Whately, the niece of the Archbishop of Dublin, whose zeal is only surpassed by her ability.

Already the male pupils in these schools are estimated at one hundred thousand in the cities and the villages. As the whole number of boys in Egypt proper would not exceed three hundred and fifty thousand, it will be seen how large a proportion are now being educated—greater in fact than in most countries calling themselves civilized, for the proportion is fourfold greater than in Russia, and greater even than that of Italy.

Education in Egypt has now been made compulsory, as it is in Prussia, and even the female children of the fellahs, or rural laborers, are to be educated and fitted for domestic service, so as to replace the present negro slaves—one of the strongest blows at slavery in the household that could be aimed—proving both the will and the wisdom of the khédive in this regard. The girls are said to make rapid progress, as well as the boys; and the next generation of Egyptians will be very different from the present, owing to this state of things.

In addition to these common schools, the khédive has also instituted special schools of instruction for the officers of his army, in which modern languages, mathematics, and the higher branches are taught—as well as

schools for the instruction for the rank and file, numbering from thirty to forty thousand—all of whom are picked young men—the elder soldiers having been discharged and returned to field-labor in their native villages. Promotion, both of officers and soldiers, is now dependent on their educational progress, and even leave of absence is granted only to those able to apply for it in writing—which, I believe, is the case in no other army in the world—in most of which ignorance is the rule and intelligence the exception—the soldier regarded as a machine, not a man. Europe and America, in this matter, might well take a lesson from Egypt—since the horrors of war might be greatly lessened by educating and humanizing its tools, as the khédive is doing. If he can elevate the dumb drudges of the fields into intelligent beings, as well as his soldiers, even England may have cause to blush at the contrast with her rural population, for whom no such humanizing efforts are being made, and who, to-day, are scarcely more intelligent than the oxen they drive, as their fathers were before them, and their sons must be; and the same is the case in most of the Continental states.

As another proof of the importance he attaches to this matter, the khédive has put at the head of the Ministry of Public Instruction his son-in-law, Jousoum Pasha, son of the late viceroy, with able European subordinates.

The Arabs are naturally quick-witted and fond of study, and the progress made by the children is exceedingly rapid. In this they differ from the negro or woolly-headed race, who are chiefly employed as domestic servants. Although there are black regiments in the army, a black officer of high grade is an exception.

The fellah is copper-colored, as dark as, or darker than, the American Indian, and with the same sparse beard and straight hair, the latter of which he shaves, the former he lets alone, reversing Western precedents.

At the Citadel at Cairo, which is now really a high-school for the instruction of officers, and central point for the dissemination of information, I saw native young men busily employed at type-setting, proof-correcting, book-publishing, lithographing, and map-making, and showing wonderful skill and aptitude at their work. They now issue a monthly magazine of science and literature, printed in the Arabic characters; and the number which I have contains diagrams of the transit of Venus, and much reading-matter. I have also some volumes of manuals of tactics, very prettily illustrated, all the work on which was done by native Egyptians.

The American officers, at the head of whom are Generals Loring and Stone (old and distinguished United States Army officers, both of whom rank as pashas), have initiated and are successfully carrying out these educational improvements under the intelligent administration of the khédive's second son, Hussein, who is Minister of War—his eldest, Prince Tewfik, acting as Minister of the Interior, and filling that post to the great satisfaction of all. The khédive's idea in educating the children of the lower classes—hitherto sunk in the depths of utter ignorance

—is to furnish a class fit to undertake those duties now confided to slaves, and elevate both employer and servant in the social scale and in civilized habits. The twin sisters, polygamy and slavery, he believes can thus be made to disappear; and the great work of extirpating the slave-trade of the Nile Basin, which he has successfully accomplished thus far by the expeditions of Baker and Gordon, is to be supplemented in Egypt itself—a grand idea, and one in a fair way of accomplishment, though, of course, it will take several years to carry it out thoroughly in a country and with a people so wedded to old ideas and customs.

He has struck a heavy blow at the habit of plural wives in his own household, by insisting that all his sons and daughters shall be the husbands and wives of but one spouse each, a most significant indication of his purpose and sentiments in this regard. All these sons and daughters, too, he has caused to be carefully educated in foreign languages, literature, and acquirements, and they are habitual attendants at the opera and theatre he has caused to be established at Cairo during the winter season—than which better performances cannot be found at Paris or London. The ladies, it is true, are but partially visible, the harem-boxes—six in number—being veiled with muslin curtains, through which flashing eyes and outlines of faces are alone visible to the other spectators. But this semi-publicity is a stride toward the abolition of the seclusion of women, which seems so ingrained in Eastern habits and sentiments.

When the door of the cage is left half-opened, the caged birds will be very apt to find a way out of their captivity sooner or later.

The heir-apparent, Prince Tewfik, has ably seconded his father's efforts in this matter of education. Being a large landed proprietor, he owns numerous villages attached to his farms, and has founded a school in each one. At all of these instruction is free. In the neighborhood of his palace at Koubeh he has just finished a large school-house for boys—the children of the fellahs—and the day the school opened thirty-six boys attended, every subsequent day adding to their number. Every evening he himself inspected their progress for the first week. With admirable judgment, the furniture of these schools intended for peasant-children is of the simplest kind, though cleanliness is strenuously enforced. All the solid branches of primary instruction are taught by competent teachers; and, in addition to gardens attached to the school-building, the prince has given eight *feddans* (acres) of land to be used for teaching the pupils the modern improvements in agriculture. All this shows how zealously the son is treading in the footsteps of his father. The difficulties that environ the gigantic task of educating an entire people, plunged in the depths of ignorance and semi-barbarism, are enhanced by the peculiar character and moral and religious training of the Egyptian native population. Opposed by the passive resistance, the *vis inertia* of an obstinate and bigoted people, with whom custom and old prejudices have all the force of laws, and the idleness engendered by an enervating climate, the Khédive Ismaïl is reso-

lately pushing on, and fast freeing the growing generation of his people from the yoke of ignorance, apathy, and fanaticism—the three gods of their old idolatry. He is compelling them to their good, and using absolute power for the most beneficent purposes to which that perilous privilege was ever applied. For he has had to create not only an empire, but to revive an apparently effete and exhausted people, generally supposed not only to be obstinately opposed to progress and enlightenment, but also to be incapable of receiving them.

If the East has turned a deaf ear to the West, and hugged its old idols closer to its bosom because of the efforts made to alienate her from them, on the other hand the West has done less than justice to the capacity and actual intelligence of her elder sister, from whose old stores so much of modern knowledge has been drawn.

The experiment of renewing intellectual culture in the East has now been initiated in the old fields of Egypt, and Christendom cannot but watch with hope the spread of light into those dark places. At the coming Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia—for which the khédive is making ample preparation—Egypt will be represented, and it will probably surprise most Americans to see what her exhibition will be. Not only our agriculturists, but our manufacturers and draughtsmen, will have to look to their laurels, in the competition which she can now offer in these varied fields; and her portion of that great international show-ground will certainly prove not the least interesting.

Some recent "sentimental travelers" from America and elsewhere have been shedding hysterical tears (in ink) over the changes wrought by the march of improvement at Cairo, in the demolition of the "picturesque" but exceedingly dirty and dangerous mud houses, and erection of stone buildings in their place. The same class of people howled loudly over the Emperor Napoleon's demolition and reconstruction of old Paris, and with the same effect. Fine phrases are harmless, if inexpensive.

"... The poet's eye,
In a fine frenzy rolling,"

never yet condescended to dwell on the practical or the useful; but the present generation prefer looking at the inside rather than the outside of things, and the tourist had better leave his "singing-robos" at home and come down to common-sense, when professing to give a description of one of the greatest national movements of this generation.

Surely the sympathy and moral support of all educated Americans ought to go with the great Eastern reformer, who has borrowed so much from American example, and is modeling his country as closely after theirs as the difference of place, people, and situation, will permit, even if, in the attainment of these ends, he must remove much rubbish, material and sentimental.

But the man and his works will survive, when the caviling critics—like the grasshopper filling the fields with its clamor—are unheard and forgotten. The poet lives in the past—the statesman in the present and future.

EDWIN DE LEON.

PORTUGUESE SUPERSTITIONS.*

LEAVING Valença early in the morning, we followed the course of the Minho to the sea, passing on the way the fortified town of Villa Nova da Cerveira, and the little harbor and town of Caminha, surrounded by flats and marshes, with its outlying island-fortress; then, again striking southward by the seashore, through a half-cultivated region which in former times was a royal forest, we reached a gloomy-looking fortress close to the sea, the first of a series which continues along the whole coast-line of the province of the Minho.

Toward nightfall we overtook a farmer on horseback, and when, after riding on in friendly conversation with him for a mile or so, I asked him how far off I might be from an inn and shelter for the night, he good-humoredly laughed at the idea of my condescending to put up at any place nearer than Vianna. On my telling him that I was by no means particular, and that my guide's horse was too tired for farther traveling, he drew up his horse to a stand-still, and looked hard at me.

"There is a house about one mile from here," said the farmer; "you will get poor fare and poor shelter, but none better, I think, on this side of Vianna. I will show you the way," he added.

So saying, he trotted on, and soon, turning aside from the main road, guided us along a vile ox-cart road, the worst of all roads to ride over in a bad light. For about a mile we traveled up a narrow valley. On each side of the road grew pollarded oaks and chestnuts, whose branches were twisted so as to join overhead; and on these trees were trained vines, whose foliage, though it was only May, already gave a dense shade.

Presently this narrow road opened out into a square walled inclosure, which was also perfectly embowered and shaded by vines, carried on stout rafters of wood, the whole supported by the side-walls and by five or six stone pillars in the centre, so that the place was like a huge room, the ceiling of which was of vine-leaves. It was, in fact, the court-yard of a good-sized farm-house.

The farmer stopped at the door of the house, which opened on to this yard.

"Why," I said to him, "this is a private house."

"It is the house of your excellency," said the farmer, as he stood uncovered, with the true courteous hospitality of an old-fashioned Portuguese.

It was, in truth, his own house; and presently a man appeared to take our horses, a dog came and licked the master's hand, children issued from the house and greeted their father, and the wife stood in the doorway and welcomed us.

"Coa! cea!" the farmer called out cheerfully, which, interpreted, is supper, a pleasant sound to a belated traveler. "Here is a gentleman who has eaten nothing since he was in Spain."

Looking round the room we entered, I saw much that I should have seen in a farmer's kitchen at home: the old single-barreled gun slung on the wall, the English willow-pattern plates ranged on the shelves, the well-polished, high-backed chairs, the sides of bacon hanging from the rafters. What was not like England

* From Travels in Portugal, by John Latouche. London, 1873.

was the quaint collection of colored prints of sacred subjects—pious daubs, fearful to the artistic eye—which hung about the walls.

Presently our supper was on the table, and let the reader take note that the table was not decked with a cloth "coarse, but of snowy whiteness." Indeed, for the matter of that, we did not even indulge in plates, but before each of us was placed a good-sized earthenware bowl and a wooden spoon. And if the reader should ask of what the meal consisted, let him know that there was one dish and a remove. The dish, *sopa secca* (literally "dry soup"), made of wheaten bread, beef, cabbage, and mint, almost a national dish in Portugal; and the remove, *bacalhau*, dried cod-fish, boiled—which is quite a national dish—and the man who objects to such a bill of fare must, indeed, be an epicure.

I praised the fish for its tenderness, and my hostess explained to me that to make it so it was essential that the dried fish—which, indeed, is often, when cooked, as hard as a board—should be previously soaked for exactly eighteen hours in running water.

Then the host filled me a large tumbler of country wine, his own vintage, assuring me that wine never tastes so well as after *bacalhau*. It is a very remarkable drink, this "green wine," as it is called. I have tasted the country wines of many lands, but never yet such a one as this. Perfectly sound, but possessing a fruitiness, astringency, and sharpness enough to take one's breath away, it has yet little more alcoholic strength than claret. So full is it of what may be called vinous matter that it is hardly ever clear; it is apparently, however, not liked the less for being quite thick and muddy. To an exhausted man, on a summer's day, I know no greater restorative than a full draught of this Minho wine.

When we had eaten and drunk, the dishes were pushed "below the salt," and one or two of the farm-servants fell to on the plentiful remainder, while we, wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, and leaning our elbows on the table, lighted our cigarettes, and proceeded to hold grave discourse.

Knowing that my host must be curious to be told where I came from, and the purpose of my traveling, I thought it due to his hospitality to offer him a sketch of my proceedings, in which I was assisted by the horse-dealer, who, after the manner of such squires, added fancy details illustrative of the magnificence, wisdom, and so forth, of his master. I ended by saying that I was going to travel through Portugal at my pleasure, and to see whatever was curious or worthy to be seen by a foreigner.

The farmer nodded his head slowly once or twice as I finished. The idea was too strange to him to be taken in at once; at last he got firm hold of it.

"Your country, I dare say, is very different from Portugal," he said.

"Very different," I answered. "You may understand how much so when I tell you that our farmers neither grow maize nor make wine."

"Coitadinhos!" (poor devils!) said the man; "then what do they eat and drink?"

"Well," I said, "it is not so difficult as you may think. We can make all sorts of things in England, and sell them to all countries, and then buy what we want from them. For instance, there is the shirt you wear, it was made in England, and that gun, it was made there, too; so, you see, if we wanted to eat maize or drink wine, we should have something to offer in exchange."

"Wonderful!" cried the farmer, quite de-

lighted. It was clear that he had never been lectured before on political economy.

We talked on many matters. At last I thought of questioning the farmer on a subject which has always had a great interest for me—the superstitious beliefs and tales of the peasantry.

I have long held a theory that, wherever the Romans have left permanent marks of their stay, there the superstitions have the peculiar gloomy stamp of the legendary mysteries of ancient Italy. If this is true anywhere, it must be true in Portugal, where these people have left their vestiges not only in the language, which is nearer to Latin than any other known tongue, but even in the manner of cultivating the soil, which, to this day, is done in accordance with the precepts of Cato and Columella.

The type of Latin legend to which I refer is that well-known and most grizzly and hideous of all ghost-stories, the tale of the soldier in Petronius Arbiter. Now, the belief in the *lobis-homen* is very prevalent in parts of Northern Portugal. It is the legend of the *loup-garou*—the were-wolf—the periodical transformation of human beings into wolves, with all the savage instincts of that animal. It is a superstition whose existence in many countries has been too well investigated to need further description from me; suffice it to say, that nowhere is this belief invested with so many peculiar and gloomy circumstances as in Portugal.

I began to sound the farmer on the subject of folk-lore and popular superstitions rather cautiously, for people are apt to be reticent in talking of these matters to strangers, but the farmer was not shy at all.

"Yes," he said; "he had known some strange things to happen, and in that very neighborhood, too!"

"Would he tell me what?"

"Well, he would," he said, "and with great pleasure; he would tell me one of the most singular things he ever heard of; but"—looking at me doubtfully—"you will hardly bring yourself to believe it; and, to tell the truth, no more should I, if it had not been related to me by one who saw it—no other than my own brother's son."

"You must know," said the farmer, with a grave air, "that not many miles from this is a river in which are vast quantities of fish. Now, every year there comes a stranger to this river; he stands upon the bank, and, holding in his hand a magical fly (*uma mosca encantada*) tied to the end of a very long thread, he blows the fly away from him as far as a man can throw a stone: it falls upon the water, and no sooner does it touch the surface than a fish seizes it, and the stranger draws both fly and fish ashore by the thread which he holds in his hand. Now, what do you think of that?"

My host had given me this fancy description of fly-fishing with so very serious a face, that I was almost afraid to laugh, till I observed a sympathetic twinkle in his own eyes; but he nodded toward his servants as if to hint that I was not to betray the secret of the mysterious fisherman to them.

Then the farmer, perceiving that I was an attentive and by no means a captious listener, began another story.

"We are all good Christians here, and ought not to fear the malice of the evil spirit; nevertheless, we know that power is given him sometimes to work mischief in some mysterious manner which all the priests put together do not understand. In proof of this I will tell you of an event that happened not

twenty years ago; and, moreover, I was myself a witness of what I am going to relate, for I was then a young man living at a farm near Cabrasam, among the mountains of the Estrica, which is, as you know, as wild a country as any in Portugal."

The farmer filled up his own and my glass, and his wife and children and the servants gathered round us, and stood with solemn faces to listen to a tale which they had probably already heard more than once:

"The farmer with whom I served was a young man, and his wife a young woman. He had just come on to the farm. Two or three other men besides myself worked with him, but there was no other woman in the place than his wife. Now she, being about to give birth to a child, desired to get another woman into the house to do such work as she would shortly not be able to perform herself. So the master went about the country to engage a woman, but, for some reason or other, he could not succeed. As time passed, he sent me to the nearest town, Ponte de Lima, with directions to inquire along the way, and engage the very first likely-looking young woman I should meet with."

"I started next morning before daylight, and I had not gone more than a mile on the road before I saw, sitting by the wayside, one of the queerest-looking girls my eyes ever fell on. She was wrapped up, head and all, in a brown cloak, such as we never see in this part of the country. The sun had just risen, and she was stretching out her hands as if to warm them in its rays. The oddest thing about her was that her hair was cut close to her head, like a man's. Now, this is common enough with our women when they get old and do not care to be troubled with long hair; but for a young and handsome girl like her to be '*chamorra*' (crop-haired), 'was a thing I have never seen before or since. So I stood still and stared at her like a fool as I was."

"Well, Santinho,"* said the girl, "you are wondering to see me warm my hands in the sunbeams?"

"I think you would get warm quicker," I answered, "if you went on your way, instead of sitting still in this cold wind."

"And what if I am tired as well as cold?" she said, sharply.

"Have you been traveling all the night?"

"Indeed I have," said the girl, "and many a one before that."

"Then you come from a long way off?"

"I come from Tarouca, in the mountains of Beira, and that is a long journey from here."

"And, if it is not a secret, what have you come so far from home for?"

"No secret at all," she replied. "My name is Joana, and I am looking for a place as servant at a farm. Do you know any one who requires one?"

"Now, it struck me here was the very thing I was looking for—a strong, hearty-looking girl who wished to be a servant; so I told her I was out with the object of engaging such a person as herself, and, if she would come with me to my master's, she might find the place she wanted. She girl expressed her readiness, and we started homeward."

"I left her outside the house while I went in. The farmer did not much like the idea of having so strange a being for a servant; but his wife, hearing that she was a *chamorra*, insisted upon engaging her; for we have a saying that *chamorras* make the best of workers."

* Literally, "Little Saint"—a common form of address, among the peasantry, from one stranger to another.

"Very soon after this the child was born, and the new girl took the mistress's place—cooked for us, and so forth."

"Now, the newly-born infant was a remarkably fine and healthy one. Everybody said so, except one old woman, a neighbor, who was thought to be a 'wise woman.' This person looked rather put out the moment she saw the child, and said it was bewitched. The father and mother laughed heartily at this, seeing how well the child looked. Then the woman said she was mistaken if the child had not the devil's mark somewhere on its skin; and, sure enough, so it had—a mark on its shoulder, exactly as if the pattern of a small crescent or half-moon had been pricked upon the skin with a pin. Then we all began to get frightened, but the woman said there was no cause for alarm except during the time of the new moon, and then the child must be watched all the night through."

"When the old woman passed out of the house, the new servant was sitting on the floor with her brown cloak pulled right over her face, and, though the old woman spoke to her, she made her no answer, pretending to be asleep."

"Nothing particular occurred for some months. The servant Joana was very useful in the house, and both master and mistress congratulated themselves on having engaged a *chamorra* to work. However, we, her fellow-servants, did not much like her. She was very sharp in her speech, and, whenever she was angry, her eyes, which were long and narrow in shape, seemed almost to emit fire and gave her a terribly savage aspect. However, when not out of temper, she was a handsome girl. She seldom spoke much, but she very soon got into the confidence of her master and mistress; and, one day, when the latter mentioned to her what had been told her by the old woman, she said:

"Ah, yes! I have known it a long time, but I was afraid to tell you. Children with that mark grow into *lobis-homens* before they get to be sixteen, unless something is done to stop it."

"And what can be done?" said my mistress.

"You must cover the evil mark with the blood of a white pigeon, strip the child naked, and lay it on a blanket on the mountain-side the very first time the moon rises in the heavens after midnight. Then the moon will draw the mark up through the blood, just as she draws the waters of the sea up at full tide, and the child will be saved."

"The farmer and his wife agreed to do this, to save their child from becoming a *lobis-homen*, and, it happening to be a new moon late in the night a day or two afterward, the needful preparations were made, and when the night came the child was laid on the mountain-side, near the house, while the moon was still below the horizon. This done, we all returned to the house, for it was essential that no eye should be upon the child until the moon had risen. The farmer began to be uneasy, thinking that there might be wolves near, but the men reassured him, saying that a wolf had not been seen in the neighborhood for many years. Nevertheless, he loaded his gun, putting into it, for want of other ammunition, five or six rusty nails."

"He had hardly done so when, to our horror, we heard the most piercing screams from where the child was lying. In an instant we had all rushed out—the screams increasing as we neared the spot. At this very instant the moon rose, and we saw a huge brown wolf standing over the body of the child, his fangs

bloody, and his eyes looking like fire. Seeing us come up he slunk off, but the farmer fired at him before he could reach the wood close by, and he fell and rolled over. I ran up to finish him with the heavy stick which I had in my hand, but I could only give him one stroke before he rose to his feet and made off. The blow was a heavy one, and struck him on the fore-leg, and he went off into the wood howling and limping.

"We found the poor child quite dead; its throat was frightfully torn by the wolf's teeth, and the blanket was soaked with blood.

"Now, it was noticed almost immediately that the girl Joana had not been seen since the child had been put out, nor was she in the house when we got back. Then for the first time did the truth flash upon us—the woman had been an accursed *lobis-homen*, and had murdered the child; and, in wounding the wolf, we had in truth wounded the girl, who had assumed his form. The next morning we followed the traces of the wounded wolf, and, inside the wood, not ten paces from where he had been seen to enter it, we found Joana lying on the ground covered with blood. She immediately began to explain to us that she had crept into the wood when we had left the child, fearing that some mischief might happen to him; that she had heard screams, and had run toward the child in the darkness; that just as she was getting to the outside of the wood the moon rose, she saw us coming, saw the wolf run toward her, heard the gun fired, immediately felt herself to be wounded in the side, and fell to the ground, where she had lain ever since.

"Of course, we knew that these were lies suggested by the devil, so we sent for the priest, but before he came she had died. They buried her where she lay, and the 'wise woman,' who came to look at her, said she had the mark of the *lobis-homen* on her breast quite plain, and was evidently a servant of the Evil One. The woman said that if she had seen the girl's eyes she could have told at once what she was, for the *lobis-homens* all get to have the long, narrow eyes and savage look of the wolf. She also explained to us that if a *lobis-homen* can murder and drink the blood of a newly-born child the enchantment ceases, and they are *lobis-homens* no longer."

"And what did the priest say?" I asked.

"He said," replied the farmer, "that we were fools to have any thing to do with a woman from Tarouca, for it was a nest of witches and warlocks."

"And you are quite sure this girl was a real *lobis-homen*?"

"I never doubted it for a moment. Did I not see Joana's own eyes in the wolf as he turned round when I struck him? How can I doubt? Besides," said the farmer, after a pause, "there was the mark of a heavy blow on her right arm—exactly where I struck the wolf. She never accounted for that."

MORGAN OF PANAMA.

LIKE blown and snowy, wintry pine,
Old Morgan stooped his head and passed
Within his cabin-door. He cast
His great arms out without design,
Then leant o'er Ina; stood beside
A time, then turned and strode the floor,
Stopped short, breathed sharp, threw wide the
door,
Then gazed beyond the murky tide.

He took his beard in his hard hand,
Then slowly shook his grizzled head

And trembled, but no word he said.
His thought was something more than pain;
Upon the seas, upon the land,
He knew he should not rest again.

He turned to her; but then once more
Quick turned, and through the oaken door
He sudden pointed to the west.
His eye resumed its old command,
The conversation of his hand,
It was enough: she knew the rest.

He turned, he stooped, he smoothed her hair,
As if to smooth away the care
From his great heart, with his left hand.
His right hand hitched the pistol round
That dangled at his belt . . .

The sound
Of steel to him was melody
More sweet than any song of sea.

He touched his pistol, pressed his lips,
Then tapped it with his finger-tips,
And toyed with it as harper's hand
Seeks out the chords when he is sad
And purposeless.

At last he had
Resolved. In haste he touched her hair,
Made sign she should arise—prepare
For some long journey, then again
He looked a-west toward the plain—

Toward the land of dreams and space,
The land of silences, the land
Of shoreless deserts sown with sand,
Where desolation's dwelling is,
The land where, wondering, you say,
"What dried-up shoreless sea is this?"
Where, wandering, from day to day
You say, "To-morrow sure we come
To rest in some cool resting-place;"
And yet you journey on through space
While seasons pass, and are struck dumb
With marvel at the distances.

Yea, he would go. Go utterly
Away, and from all living kind,
Pierce through the distances, and find
New lands. He had outlived his race.
He stood like some eternal tree
That tops remote Yosemite,
And cannot fall. He turned his face
Again and contemplated space.

And then he raised his hand to vex
His beard, stood still, and there fell down
Great drops from some unfrequent spring,
And streaked his channeled cheeks so brown,
And ran unchecked, as one who recks
Nor joy, nor tears, nor any thing.

And then, his broad breast heaving deep
Like some dark sea in troubled sleep,
Blown round with groaning ships and wrecks,
He sudden roused himself, and stood
With all the strength of his stern mood,
Then called his men, and bade them go
And bring black steeds with bannered necks,
And strong like burly buffalo.

The sassafras took leaf, and men
Pushed west in hosts, and black men drew
Their black-maned horses silent through
The solemn woods.

One midnight when
The curled moon tipped her horn, and threw
A black oak's shadow slant across
A low mound hid in leaves and moss,
Old Morgan cautious came and drew
From out the ground, as from a grave,
A great box, iron-bound and old,
And filled, men say, with pirates' gold,
And then they, silent as a dream,
In long black shadows crossed the stream.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A RECENT English case of extreme cruelty, passing under the guise of justice, has been much commented on in the papers on both sides of the Atlantic. There seemed to be something peculiarly revolting in the circumstance that a little girl of thirteen, who had plucked a geranium-bud in an almshouse garden, should be sentenced to imprisonment for a fortnight in jail, and for four years longer in a penal institution all too mildly termed "reformatory." But, as a matter of fact, severe sentences such as this are by no means rarely pronounced from the benches occupied by the "unpaid magistracy" of England. Justice, in the hands of the gentlemen who are called upon to administer punishment to petty offenders in the English rural districts, is especially stern with those who in any way invade the sacred rights of "property." Theft or trespass, in their eyes, is too apt to be regarded as worse than wife-beating or slander, than perjury or murderous assault. Such sentences as that accorded to poor little Sarah Chandler are far from being as uncommon as the conspicuousness of her case would imply. The very same clergyman who sought, in his capacity as a magistrate, to brand her for life as a "jail-bird," because she plucked a flower, sentenced, not long ago, a small boy scarcely out of his pinafores to prison for a month, because he scraped the leavings of a discarded tobacco-cask, and sold his scraps for a half-penny; and condemned a young servant-girl to six weeks in jail for putting some photographs, which she found in a waste-paper basket in the house where she served, into her pocket to show to some friends. Not long ago sixteen fishermen and women, living on the Northumbrian coast, were cast into jail for a month for picking up mussels on the shore, with which to bait their hooks. It was an audacious assault upon the property rights of the squire whose estates ran to the water's edge; and the clergymen and squires who administered the law without pay in that region could not let the flagrant defiance of the rights of property pass. In Essex three very reputable and not disorderly lads, aged about sixteen, sallied out for an afternoon walk. In crossing the fields they came to a brook; a grassy knoll on its banks tempted them, and they threw themselves upon it and began to read some books they had brought with them. Suddenly up rode the owner of the field on horseback, and roughly demanded their names. Soon after they had returned home they were taken in charge by a policeman, brought before the magistrates, accused of trespass, and heavily fined. A little girl of thirteen was recently

condemned at Dorchester to twenty-one days' imprisonment at "hard labor," and five years in a reformatory, for stealing an earthen milk-jug. It turned out that the jug, which was cracked, had been given to the girl without authority by a servant. The supposed thief, too, was ascertained to have the best character for honesty.

These are but a few illustrations of cases of judicial cruelty that are constantly being reported in England. All of them indicate that with the English country magistrate "property" is still a kind of fetic, which it is as horrible to desecrate as it is, in the eyes of a Parsee, to enter a fire-temple with shoes on. It is no wonder that a loud cry is every now and then raised by civilized and humane Englishmen for the abolition of the system of unpaid magistrates. The trouble is that this system is an ancient and therefore supposedly a venerable one. It is derived from the feudal times when the lord of the manor was the despotic head of the community—its judge as well as military and civil chief. The magistrates are for the most part country squires and country rectors, with little knowledge of the law, and, as would appear, not always with an enlightened sense of justice. They are appointed by the lords-lieutenants of the counties, are removable by the Lord-Chancellor, and the sentences they give may be reversed by the Home Secretary, in whom rests the pardoning power. It is an obvious disadvantage that the owners of property and the clergy who serve as magistrates should reside in the neighborhood where the misdemeanors are committed and over which they have jurisdiction; they are very apt to base their judgment, not on the particular offense, but upon the character of the person charged as they know it to be. Offenses against property are visited with peculiar severity, because the magistrates are property-owners, and, while professing to deal out justice, are intent on the protection of their own acres. The tyrannical game-laws, also a relic of feudalism, are executed with extreme severity by these unpaid magistrates. The time is no doubt not far distant when there must be a thorough reform in the system of the rural magistracy of England, and in the old laws which hedge about property with so many bristling defenses. It is becoming clearly evident that clergymen are least of all fitted to sit in judgment upon the petty offenders of the shires. They lack the judicial temperament, which, when they are confined to their proper sphere, may be a virtue rather than a failing; and experience has shown that, although the messengers of "peace on earth, good-will to men," they are generally inclined to deal with small offenses against property with even greater severity

than the squires themselves. That a country squire, who has never opened Blackstone, and who has been brought up with a dominant idea of the sacredness of property, and the worthlessness of the lives and liberties of the poor folk who now and then, wittingly or unwittingly, invade it, is the proper person to deal out justice upon them, seems absurd enough to us in these modern times; and it is to be hoped that legislation will ere long abolish the anomaly.

Our Paris correspondent writes of drenching rains and chilling winds that are sending back to Paris disappointed sea-side and mountain sojourners by the thousand. Our own July and early August were not free from similar unseasonable and altogether unreasonable manifestations of weather. Long, cold rain-storms in summer are really something more than ordinary human nature endures with patience. To the busy town-worker who has anticipated for months his vacation among the hills; to the young ladies who have calculated with so much longing upon their summer boatings and picnics; to those who delight in the gay animation of watering-place hotels; to my lady whose fine country villa is lonely without summer guests—to everybody, in truth, who with summer days associates skies of gentle blue, winds that fan the willing cheek with soft airs, hills in shadow and sunshine that seem to sleep in dreams of beauty, transparent lakes that mirror the lazy oar, forests where murmuring boughs and glancing lights charm both eye and ear, meadows that lie under yellow suns and passing clouds—to everybody whose summer memories bring up pictures like these, the winds and rains that usurp their place seem like very cruel manifestations of power.

But these, after all, are but minor instances of our contest with conditions that continually subdue us. Must mankind, we may venture to ask, be always at the mercy of elementary forces? Must floods drown, winds overwhelm, suns scorch, and life continue at every turn a fierce struggle with our environment? Are we really prostrate and powerless in this matter? History and current experience declare emphatically that we are; but here and there a wild thinker is prone to utter a belief that the weather bears an ascertainable relation to man, and that it is competent for the united efforts of the race, under wise direction, to do something toward modifying the irregularities of the seasons. Inasmuch as forests influence rainfalls, electrical currents follow the iron track of the railway, and rain comes to arid regions where man has carried his civilization, it is believed by these dreamers that these facts are the prologue of a vast science which is not only

to formulate the laws of the winds and the clouds, but to show how their coming and going may be modified, and perhaps directed. At first glance it would seem as if it were a consummation devoutly to be wished. One may permit himself to fancy some of the changes that would be desirable to bring about under this new weather dispensation—as, for instance, that there should be no rainy days during all the long summer, but only a nightly shower to refresh vegetation and lay the dust; that during the rest of the year the rain should fall decimally—that is, every tenth day, so that our storms should periodically recur like our Sundays. There is no difficulty in imagining many fine things as coming from the new order, but, unless the science should also teach how to modify human nature, we fear there would be some difficulty in getting a general concurrence in any fixed plan. There are some who would banish the "beautiful snow," and others who would have more of it; some who would have all our winds summer zephyrs, and others who like the briskness of a gale; and in all other details opinions would be almost as various as the people.

Perhaps, after all, the best science for the weather is a little philosophy—that sort of mental condition that enables one to adapt his pleasures and his occupations to his external conditions, and, instead of fretting over a rain-storm, goes to work to extract entertainment from it. It is tolerably certain, moreover, that this is the only science that will ever successfully manage the weather.

SOME recent utterances by Charles Francis Adams, in regard to the need of a more fervent style of preaching, have been quoted in defense of certain pulpit exaggerations recently characterized as the "gospel of gush." Mr. Adams thinks that "the demand at the present time is for sympathy, bordering, it may be, upon passion. While," he says, "I fully believe that in no country are to be found a greater proportionate number of pious, learned, faithful, and assiduous servants in the Church, I trust it will be no disparagement to them if I frankly confess a craving of many years for a warmer, a more effective, and a more sympathetic manner of communicating their valuable lessons both of law and love." All this may be heartily sanctioned without approving of the excesses of manner and extravagances of sentiment which have recently called down the censure of the world. Our preachers are very apt to be either cold and stolid, or declamatory, sensational, and hysterical. What we suppose Mr. Adams to ask for is genuine earnestness—a warm, impressive manner, a sympathetic and heart-felt utterance of the great lessons of "law and love." True earnestness never

offends the most captious listener; but just as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so there is but a narrow line between true and false eloquence—between that simple and fervid intensity that sweeps over the hearts of men and those gushings that are made up of attitude and affectation. A preacher may be very earnest and very affectionate, and yet full of manliness and simplicity; his sermons may be entirely free of mawkish sensibility, and yet possess an abundance of "sympathy bordering on passion." It is just this distinction between noise and earnestness, between affectation and genuine sympathy, that needs to be established. It is not to be assumed, because one deprecates the high coloring of many pulpit utterances, that he is thereby wedded to cold and exclusively argumentative sermons. Everybody likes spirit, movement, and glow, in literary style, but no reader of taste likes strained excess in piled-up adjectives as a substitute for these qualities; and a similar distinction exists in the liking of cultivated people for oratory, whether of the pulpit or not. We may be sure that Mr. Adams, in view of his culture and his temperament, had no thought of sanctioning the noisy and convulsive methods that here and there are exhibited in the pulpit. A man that storms up and down a platform—tossing his arms in the air, uttering platitudes in tones of thunder, now shedding tears at his manufactured pathos, and now exploiting some sensational irreverence—may imagine these displays to be the sort of thing Mr. Adams and the rest of us spiritually crave, but the mistake is a woful one. Simple fervor subdues and captivates all hearts, but would-be eloquence that accumulates upon wretched matter the affectations of a bad histrionic manner, is about as offensive a thing as man or woman can listen to.

In the general assumption that proprietorship in literary property can only be secured by special statute, the common law of property failing to cover it, have all the facts been fully considered? The common law of property covers, it is conceded, an author's manuscript; but, once the manuscript is printed and published, then the book becomes the property of the public, unless protected by a special enactment. Let us see for a moment how the operation would be, supposing there were no law of copyright. A book is published, let us assume, which sells for two dollars per copy. What is it that the publisher sells for two dollars? Is it not simply the pages of printed matter and the binding thereof for such ordinary use as pertains to a book—that is, for its perusal and study? If the purchaser reprints the book, it is obvious at once that he is putting his purchase to a use not designed in the

transfer. The book is sold for a certain definite and obviously limited purpose, and the republication is upon the face an appropriation of a right not conferred by the sale. It may be assumed that a man once purchasing a book has, in the absence of a special law limiting the use to which he may put it, a right to make any disposal of it he pleases. If he chooses to duplicate copies, he is fully privileged to do so. The book has become his property, and his control over it is absolute. To this it can be replied that the rights involved in a purchase are limited by the clear, obvious intent of the seller, and that this intent can commonly be ascertained by the terms and conditions of the sale. In a dispute pertaining to any kind of property between seller and buyer as regards what has been sold and bought, the price is a very important and often conclusive witness as to the fact. If A declares that it was the saddle alone that he was selling, and B asserts that the bargain was for both saddle and horse, the price given in such a case unmistakably indicates what the intentions of the seller were, and the true nature of the bargain. The law of equity is competent in cases of this kind to decide what it is that the purchaser has bought. In like manner, a layman might venture to suppose it would be competent to decide what it is that the buyer of a book has possessed himself of by his purchase. It would be very clear that the two dollars transferred in such a case could not give the purchaser a right worth perhaps a thousand times this sum. Hence if a publisher find his right of printing and publishing a book infringed, why would not a suit at common law establish not only his claim but the legal limitation of use pertaining to a book procured in the way we have described? If this is bad law it is scarcely bad common-sense.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs his communication "Country Doctor," calls in question the accuracy of a recent paper in this JOURNAL, in terms as follows:

"In an article which appears in your issue of July 17th, I notice some assertions which, for the honor of the profession which is the subject of attack, it will be well enough to correct. The writer asserts that a man in the last stages of consumption, etc., and then concludes this 'first count' by saying: 'The result was that he returned or went to Aiken, South Carolina, "with consumption fastened upon him." It seems to me that he need not have even gone to Florida to have had his disease fastened upon him, since he had the disease in its *last* stages when he applied to the Boston doctor. It certainly must have been securely fastened when the doctor tapped upon his chest with the tips of his fingers as described, and no doubt the few taps which the doctor gave, and the few questions asked, were quite sufficient to establish the diagnosis 'phthisis pulmonalis,' and the prognosis

'death.' Can such a patient, by any amount of cautious alarming, be induced to 'arm himself against death with some effect?'

"Does the writer know that such patients will not believe the doctor when he says, 'You have lung-trouble, and if you do not do so and so you will die of consumption?' Has he read Dr. Austin Flint's article on the disease in his 'Practice of Medicine,' where he describes the mental condition of such patients as amounting to insane delusions when talking of their condition—how they are continually forming plans for the future when, as Dr. Flint remarks, 'it is obvious to any observer that they are on the verge of the grave?' No doubt he has read some 'sure-cure' advertisement when he says that the disease is open to attack and defeat, and can be 'expurgated' and 'seized' after it has fastened its hold securely upon the human system. If one would be glad to welcome any plan of treatment which promises success in one of nine cases of consumption.

"But it is, unfortunately, not so easily seized and expurgated; no matter how simple and few remedies we employ, no matter to what climates we send our patients, no matter to what diet we restrict them, this lurking, insidious enemy to our race works on and eventually carries its victim to the grave.

"This is the experience of every physician, whether of the 'vulgar herd' or the 'first physicians.' Where one case cured is reported, ninety-and-nine cases go to the grave unreported. So few, indeed, are the cases cured, that it always raises a doubt in my mind when I read of them, whether the physician who reports the case may not have made a mistake in diagnosis. It is a notorious fact, also, that a phthisical patient seldom applies for medical advice until he has his enemy securely fastened upon him. I believe that, if we have our ears so nicely educated as to detect the approach of this disease before it becomes firmly seated, we could keep it in check and cure it. But surely a physician is not to be arraigned and tried as a criminal if his ear is not susceptible of such fine education. I sincerely hope that your columns may contain an answer to this 'Mismanagement by Physicians,' which will convince Mr. W—that it is better to let things alone which he knows so little of. The most charitable construction I can put upon his uncalled-for and ill-chosen attack upon the medical fraternity is, that he was 'hard up' for a subject for an article in your JOURNAL for that number, and, meeting with a poor patient with consumption, listened to his plaint, and Quixotic-like has charged the wind-mill."

The opinion of "Country Doctor" that the article which he criticises was written because the writer "was hard up for a subject for an article," is very wide of the mark. Articles written for this reason are not apt to find their way into the columns of the JOURNAL. The facts related in "Mismanagement by Physicians" were derived in part from the writer's personal experience, and in part from testimony gathered during a two months' sojourn in Aiken, South Carolina; and from the character of the writer, as well as from the opportunities he possessed for arriving at the truth, they may, we think, be relied upon. But the article needs to be read with care, which "Country Doctor" has not done. If this critic will return to the ar-

ticle, he will see that there is no authority for his statement that the person spoken of in the "first count" had the disease in the last stages when he applied to the Boston physician; he was in the "last stages" when he related his experience, not when he applied for medical advice. And if the doctor's few questions were, as our correspondent affirms, "sufficient to establish the diagnosis 'phthisis pulmonalis,' with the prognosis 'death,'" how, then, came this man of medicine to tell his patient, "There is nothing the matter?" Does not our correspondent herein quite confirm the allegation of our contributor? In regard to the opinion that consumption may be cured, it is quite likely that "Country Doctor" is right, and the author of the article wrong; but as to the allegations he makes, the writer assures us that they fall short of rather than exceed the truth.

Literary.

HISTORICAL fiction seems to possess an almost irresistible attraction for all novelists above a certain grade. There are extremely few of them who have not made at least one or more attempts at it; and yet, when we have counted off Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians," Kingsley's "Hypatia," George Eliot's "Romola," and a few of Scott's and Bulwer's novels, we have about completed the list of what can be regarded as genuine successes in this field. Miss Thackeray has almost an hereditary right to achieve success in this as in other departments of fiction, and "Miss Angel" is so charming a book in many ways that we are tempted to forego criticism and say that she has really done so; but candor compels us to confess that the glamour which her literary art enables her to throw over us is illusory, and that the application of a very few tests suffices to relegate "Miss Angel" to the multitudinous rank of books which ought to have attained success, but which somehow failed of reaching it. For example, burly Dr. Johnson figures among the historical personages whom Miss Thackeray has woven into the framework of her story, and we have only to read the chapters and paragraphs in which he is introduced, and then open Boswell for a page or two, in order to see how defective is Miss Thackeray's characterization. In the one case, we are confronted by a man who repels or attracts, as the case may be, but whose personality cannot be denied; in the other, we hear a voice which seems to speak in familiar accents, but which, after all, is but the faintest echo of its great original. So of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who plays one of the most important rôles in the little drama. The dignified courtesy, the graceful accomplishments, the magnanimity and placidity of mind of that most respectable of painters, are all de-

scribed with care and skill; and yet, in following his pathway through the story, we seem to be pursuing the phantom of a person once well known to us—with whom, in fact, we have set out many a *stance* of the Literary Club, and dined times without number. Even Angelica Kauffmann (for she it is whom Miss Thackeray calls Miss Angel) seems to lose her already feeble hold on our memory; she is transformed before our very eyes into an ideal and fictitious creation, and by the time the story is finished we are prepared to avow our belief that such a person never existed. Now, the prime condition of success in an historical novel is that it shall translate names into persons for us, and deepen mere impressions into at least the semblance of intimate personal knowledge. Lacking this realistic element, historical fiction is but a more or less ingenious literary mechanism; and it is precisely on this ground that "Miss Angel" must be pronounced a failure.

Few literary writers, however, have a more perfect mastery of literary art than Miss Thackeray, and it is certainly true that a story radically defective in structure was never more perfectly finished in its details. The opening scenes are laid in Venice, and these are simply delightful — permeated through and through with "the very aroma of art and of Italy." Nearly every page gives us a paragraph, a sentence, or a phrase, which the mind takes in with a sort of lingering, epicurean relish; and the Venice of the eighteenth century becomes a majestic reality to our imaginations. Read this as an illustration, which, though quotable, is by no means the best:

"Are they falling into ruin, those old Italian churches? Are the pictures fading from their canvas in the darkened corners? I think they have only walked away from their niches in the chapels into the grass-grown piazzas outside. There is the broad back of Tintoretto's Virgin in that sunny corner; her pretty, abundant train of angels are at play upon the grass. There is Joseph standing in the shadow with folded arms. Is that a bronze — that dark, lissome figure lying motionless on the marble step that leads to the great entrance? The bronze turns in its sleep. A white dove comes flying out of the picture by the high altar with sacred lights illumined. Is it only one of the old sacristan's pigeons coming to be fed? By the water-beaten steps a fisherman is mooring his craft. St. John and St. James are piling up their store of fagots. In this wondrous vision of Italy, when the church-doors open wide, the saints and miracles come streaming out into the world."

Moreover, though the principal figures in Miss Thackeray's work may be defective in historical *vraisemblance*, their surroundings, accessions, trappings, so to call them, are made out with truly striking effect. Here is an instance of this, which might have come from the pen of the Thackeray. It refers to the period (1766) of Angelica Kauffmann's arrival in England:

"To read of the times when Miss Angel came to take up her abode among us, is like reading the description of a sort of stately ballet or court-dance. Good manners had to be performed in those days with deliberate dignity. There is a great deal of saluting and

snuff-taking, complimenting and exclaiming; people advanced and retreated, bowing to the ground and balancing themselves on their high heels.

"With all their dignity, there is also a great deal of noise, shouting, and chattering. There are runners with torches, splendid footmen in green and golden liveries surrounding my lady's chair.

"The King of Denmark is entertained in splendid fashion. The Princess of Brunswick visits England. Cornelly lights up Soho Square with wax-candles, while highwaymen hang in chains upon the gallows in distant dark country-roads. Our young King George is a bridegroom, lately crowned, with this powdered and lively kingdom to rule, and Charlotte Regina to help him.

"There are great, big coaches in the street, and Mr. Reynolds's is remarked upon with all its fine panels; but Cecilia can still send for a chair when she wishes to be carried to Baker Street. Vauxhall is in its glory, and lights up its bowers. Dr. Burney gives musical parties. The cards fly in circling packs; the powder-puffs rise in clouds; bubbles burst. The vast company journeys on its way. In and out of society golden idols are raised; some fall down and worship, others burst out laughing. Some lie resting in their tents, others are weeping in the desert. Preëminent among the throngs one mighty shade passes on its way. Is it a pillar of cloud sent to guide the struggling feet of the weary? From the gloom flash rays of light, of human sympathy not unspoken. How many of us, still wandering impatient, might follow that noble hypochondriac, nor be ashamed of our leader! He walks along, uncertain in his gait, striking alternate lamp-posts, an uncouth figure in soiled clothes, splendid-hearted, with generous help for more than one unhappy traveler lying wounded by the roadside. Do we not read how noble Johnson stoops and raises the prostrate form upon his shoulders, and staggers home to his own house? He has not even an ass to help him bear the burden."

And, if a story *must* have a moral, could it be less commonplace than this?

"One day not long ago a little boy, in a passion of tears, asked for a pencil and paper to draw something that he longed for and could not get. The truth of that baby's philosophy is one which strikes us more and more as we travel on upon our different ways. How many of us must have dreamed of things along the road, sympathies and experiences that may become us some day, not ours-inward grace of love, perhaps, not outward sign of it. This spiritual blessing of sentiment no realization, no fulfillment alone can bring to us; it is the secret, intangible gift that belongs to the mystery of life, the divine soul that touches us and shows us a home in the desolate places, a silence in the midst of the storm."

For the rest, the book has some slight biographical value. The character and artistic career of Angelica Kauffmann are made more clear to us; and her relations with the Count de Horn, which heretofore have been so obscure as to have been overlooked by most biographers, are shown to have constituted the crucial episode in her life.

In "Ward or Wife?" (New York: Harper & Brothers) we find a story, rather pleasing in itself, and told not without a certain animation, utterly and irredeemably spoiled by an almost incredible vulgarity of style.

* Miss Angel. A Novel. By Miss Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The people who figure in it are represented as belonging to a rather aristocratic rank in English society, and yet it is literally the truth to say that there are not three consecutive sentences in either the narrative or the conversational portions of the book which are not a most postposterous jargon of mixed French and English, copiously accentuated with a sort of slang which any one of the characters in it would undoubtedly have characterized as "beastly." The book is quite evidently written by a woman, and the slang, it is equally evident, was picked out of some slang dictionary. Had it been written by a man, it would have been both better and worse: worse, in that such vulgarity would inevitably have degenerated into coarseness, which is not the case here; and better, in that the slang would have been less inane, and also less in quantity. The so-called delineators of high life have done their best to make the world think poorly of English society, but it would take a much stronger book than "Ward or Wife?" to convince us that English gentlemen and ladies alternate in their conversation between the *patois* of school-girls learning French on the one hand, and the language of the bar-room on the other. Furthermore, we decline to accept the author's word for it that Minnie (who, on the whole, rather pleases us) takes the unnatural, unwomanly, and unnecessary method of indicating her preference for her guardian, that she is represented as doing.

If the faults of "Ward or Wife?" had been other than the particular ones we have pointed out, we should conjecture that the author might, in time, write a creditable novel; but innate vulgarity of mind is generally hopeless, and any one who could perpetrate such stuff and not instinctively throw it in the fire, is, in all probability, afflicted with precisely this malady.

It is plain that Mr. J. W. DeForest's "Playing the Mischief" (New York: Harper & Brothers) was suggested by "The Gilded Age," and, after reading it, we are inclined to share the author's conviction that he could use the same materials to better advantage than they had been put to by Messrs. Twain and Warner. As an analysis and *exposé* of the ways and means of congressional lobbying, "Playing the Mischief" is much the more complete performance; and Josie Murray is a decidedly more plausible creation than either Colonel Sellers or Laura Hawkins. In the latter case the caricature and exaggeration are patent throughout; the former maintains an aspect of consistency and truth, which puzzles us even if it does not convince. No doubt it is rather trying to the patience to concentrate our attention through every page of a long novel upon a woman who, while she is, as the author describes her, "beautiful, graceful, clever, entertaining, and amiable," is also a most incorrigible and heartless flirt, whose only persistent motive in life is selfish greed, and whose sole purpose, during our acquaintance with her, is to swindle the government; who bases her claim on lying, bribery, and subornation of perjury, and lobbies it through by adding to such means all the arts of a

Messalina; and who, in the end, cheats both those who have accepted her bribes and those to whom she has promised a more sentimental reward than money. Becky Sharp is a respectable person in comparison with this witching and wicked little widow; and, after a dozen hours or so spent in her company, and in that of the people who surround her, we close the book with a mixed feeling of amusement and disgust, and with a consciousness of being mentally soiled. To many readers, probably, the close will seem both premature and abrupt; but Mr. DeForest was writing the history of a claim rather than of a person, and for ourself we are quite willing to part company with Josie just when we do. The inevitable fate of such a woman is written in her character, and it was certainly commendable discretion on the part of the author to cut his narrative short before the heroine dipped below the horizon of outward respectability.

Justice demands that we acknowledge that Mr. DeForest shares, or rather anticipates, our condemnation of his heroine, and that he is acutely conscious of the immorality of the practices which he exposes. His book, indeed, is a political pamphlet quite as distinctly as it is a novel; and, with all its drapery of light society fiction, it furnishes food for serious reflection. Had the book been a little less comprehensive in its denunciations, a little less uniform in its blackness, it might have been an effective attack upon certain abuses to which public attention is at last being directed. As it is, the injustice is too palpable, and the reader who was prepared to applaud judicious punishment of wrong-doers finds himself recoiling from wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter.

But exaggeration is Mr. DeForest's fault as an artist as well as his weakness as a logician. His books are amazingly clever, spirited, racy, and amusing. They are well written, too, except that he spoils his best things by insisting upon them, and drowns himself in his own fluency. His character-sketches are nearly always good; most of the people in "Playing the Mischief," for example, impress with a rather disagreeable sense of their reality. But he is not satisfied that we should recognize his cleverness, he must dazzle us with his brilliancy; a smile must be deepened into a laugh; and eccentricities of character or manner, which when they are first called to our attention only emphasize the individuality of those who display them, are so incessantly paraded, and reiterated, and rehearsed, that at last a sense of their utter artificiality is driven into our consciousness. Mr. DeForest would do better work if he could bring himself to credit his readers with quicker perceptions and larger powers of appreciation. An author encumbers himself unnecessarily when he imagines that he is always addressing an audience that has progressed no further than the alphabet.

In spite of all defects, however, whether of structure or of style, "Playing the Mischief" is one of the liveliest and most entertaining of recent novels, and we are confident that no one who reads it (unless it be a Congressman, who might perhaps find it depressing) will find fault with us for recommending it.

It would be superfluous at this late day to speak as to the merits of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). It has long been a standard work, and, notwithstanding the appearance of several competitors in recent years, it is still, to our mind, the most satisfactory and serviceable book of its kind. What secures mention of it in our columns at this time is the appearance of a new edition—the seventh—in which considerable changes have been made. "Many authors," to quote the preface, "are cited who have not been represented in any former edition, and numerous phrases added which have been gathered by patient gleanings from the old fields. To the quotations from Shakespeare, more than three hundred lines have been added; and those from Emerson, Gibbon, Johnson, Lamb, Lowell, Macaulay, Montgomery, Pope, and other authors, have been largely increased in number. The notes and appendix contain much new matter, and the index has been carefully revised as well as enlarged." The index now fills upward of one hundred and eighty pages, and is a model of its kind.

In the preface to his "Life of Swift," the first volume of which will be published in November, Mr. John Forster says: "Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of 'Gulliver,' is broadly and intelligibly written. But, as to all the rest, it is a work unfinished, to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably necessary, where the whole of a career has to be considered to get at the proper comprehension of single parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer years are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographies. Johnson did him no kind of justice because of too little liking for him; and Scott, with much heartier liking as well as a generous admiration, had too much other work to do. Thus, notwithstanding noble passages in both memoirs, and Scott's pervading tone of healthy, manly wisdom, it is left to an inferior hand to attempt to complete the tribute begun by those distinguished men." . . . The *Athenæum* sees no reason why Mérimée's "Letters to a New Inconnue" should have been published: "The 'new unknown' is probably no unknown at all, and no parallel beyond the title could be made with the other work published a year ago. The present volume is small, and it contains little matter, being preceded by a long preface of no particular interest by M. Blaze de Bury. The letters addressed to the *Présidente* of a *Cour d'Amour* formed by the Empress Eugénie are commonplace, and, to the general public, of no concern whatever." . . . A library containing thirty thousand volumes of foreign works has been established at Yeddo by the Japanese Educational Department. . . . According to a note in the *Bibliothèque de la France*, a communication was recently made to the Social Science Association at Boston, relative to the vast increase of books in the public libraries of Europe and the United States. If we may believe this statement, the various public libraries in the States contain as many as twenty million volumes instead of nine hundred and eighty thousand, which was the number in 1849. In the space of a quarter of a century the books in the British Museum have increased from four hundred and thirty-five thousand vol-

umes to eleven hundred thousand; those in the Public Library of Cambridge from one hundred and sixty-six thousand seven hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand; and those in the Bodleian from two hundred and twenty thousand to three hundred and ten thousand. During the same period the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, has increased from eight hundred and twenty-four thousand to two millions; while those of Munich, Berlin, and Vienna, have increased at the rate of fifty per cent. . . . The complete set of the *Journal des Débats* sold in M. Guizot's collection was purchased for our Library of Congress. . . . In the opening of his speech at a recent meeting in London, held for the purpose of deciding on a Byron memorial, Mr. Disraeli said: "In the twelfth year of this century a poem was published by a young man which instantly commanded the sympathies of the nation. There is no instance in literary records of a success so sudden and so lasting. To use his own words, he 'woke one morning and found himself famous.' From that time for twelve years he poured out a series of complete inventions which are not equalled for their number and their consistency of purpose in the literature of any country, ancient or modern. Admirable for many qualities, for their picturesqueness, their wit, their passion, they are most distinguished by their power of expression and by the sublime energy of their imagination. And then, after twelve years, he died; he died in the fullness of his fame, having enjoyed in his lifetime a degree of celebrity which has never fallen to the lot of any other literary man—not only admired in his own country, but revered and adored in Europe." . . . The *Saturday Review* thinks that Swinburne's prose "Essays and Studies" contain some of the very best of recent literary criticism: "For mere verbal and minute criticism," it says, "Mr. Swinburne has no love and little respect. He looks on it, as every one must who has any share of true literary insight, as an instrument serviceable in hands that know how to guide it by a genuine right feeling and understanding of the author, but in the hands of ignorance or dullness worse than useless. On one conjectural emendation of Shelley's text admitted by Mr. W. M. Rossetti—being a mere impudent interpolation to fill up a line purposely left unequal—he delivers himself in no measured terms. The 'deaf and desperate' criminal who committed this particular defacement is involved in a common execration with the whole tribe of 'earless and soulless commentators, strong only in finger-counting and figure-casting.' Since the appearance of this book, Mr. Swinburne has spoken some words of warning, not out of season, though perhaps something overplotted, on the last new proposals for applying the 'finger-counting and figure-casting' method to measure the development of Shakespeare." . . . George Eliot, so it is rumored in London literary circles, has nearly finished a new novel, in character and scope somewhat resembling "Middlemarch." It will be published in the same way as the latter work—that is, in monthly parts. . . . The Emperor William has granted an annual pension of fifteen hundred dollars to Dr. Nachtigal, the famous African explorer. "They manage these things better in" Germany. . . . The unpublished writings of Father Prout are being collected and will be published shortly. Among them are several manuscript poems, which will form the chief item in the forthcoming volume. . . . The report that Gustave Doré has been engaged to illustrate Shakespeare for Cassell, Petter & Galpin is contradicted. . . .

It is rumored that Jefferson Davis intends to write a "History of the Civil War." . . . Charles Reade, in his last letter on copyright, speaks of Macaulay as "a poor muddlehead." . . . The Sultan of Zanzibar had a Bible presented to him during his stay in London, and we fear behaved more courteously about it than any of the "most Christian princes" would have done if, on a visit to Zanzibar, he had been presented with a copy of the Koran. In response to the presentation speech, the sultan said that he knew perfectly well what the Scriptures were, and that he recognized the book the moment he opened it, having had one previously in Zanzibar. He added: "The words of Jesus—upon whom be peace—are always acceptable to us. The Koran mentions the Bible and the New Testament, and we only wish that all people would walk according thereto." . . . Senator Schurz is studying the correspondence, in the Berlin Foreign Office, between the governments of Prussia and our own country during the Revolution; he is in search of materials for the political history of the United States which he designs writing.

The Arts.

ART-FEATURES OF NATURAL SCENERY.

IT is, we believe, a very common notion that the scenery which pleases the eye of the literary man, and excites in him emotions of beauty or sublimity, must necessarily be available for the purposes of the artist. The fact is, however, that many of the finest landscapes described by authors, and which excite the strongest emotions of pleasure in the uninstructed beholder, are frequently almost destitute of the qualities which the painter considers picturesque. For this reason many regions and places which authors describe in glowing terms, and to which artists, attracted by these descriptions, sometimes resort, are found to be totally unsuitable for delineation by the pencil. A high range of mountains, for example, may gratify the ordinary eye exceedingly by its sublimity, and yet afford scarcely any materials for a picture, because what the artist wants is not height merely, but certain combinations of lines which he may find in low hills, and which yet may be altogether wanting in mountains of the first magnitude. The same thing is true with regard to our American forests, which, while often effective by their vast extent, may yet present no points which the painter can make available. Half a dozen old trees with scarred and moss-grown trunks, twisted branches, and dead tops, may have twenty times as much charm for the artist as the most thriving grove of maples or spruces, the inexpressive pointed or rounded forms of which fill the mind of the painter with despair.

Some of the most famous landscapes in the world—as, for instance, those of Switzerland—are, with all their sublimity, of little practical value to the artist. The view of Lake Leman, which Byron celebrates in such sounding verse, and which is undoubtedly a favorite scene with multitudes of tourists, presents to the artist little more than monotonous lines of hills, and an excessively broad water horizon, to make a picture of which is

almost impossible, except to the most skillful and dexterous painter, who knows how to employ all the resources of his art and introduces accessories, such as vessels, castles, towers, villages, groups of people, and atmospheric effects, by the combination of which any landscape can be made attractive.

So also the view of Mont Blanc from Chamouni, which so excited the enthusiasm of Coleridge, is one very difficult to render in an harmonious picture. If the artist climbs high enough upon the hills to escape useless projections of mountain-flanks reaching into the valley, his horizon is so elevated that he gets little more than a bird's-eye view of the foreground, and a sort of panorama of the mountain-range, neither of them well adapted for a satisfactory picture. In the valley itself, on a level with the Arveyron, he finds only flat, monotonous fields of level green, small symmetrical trees of very little character, and, in short, scarcely any thing that can be effectively used in the composition of a landscape. At Lucerne, which occupies an admirable site on one of the loveliest and most varied of the Swiss lakes, surrounded by some of the finest of the Swiss mountains, an excellent English artist, who had been sketching there for several weeks, told us that while he could find plenty of choice "bits" of old and picturesque buildings, he could find only one view which was really dignified and striking.

What is true of Switzerland in this respect is equally true of our own country. Our newspapers are filled every summer with glowing descriptions, by wandering correspondents, of the natural charms of innumerable places of resort—at the sea-side or among the mountains, lakes, and rivers—the varied charms of which are depicted by skillful pens, until the perplexed artist hardly knows which way to turn, whether to the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Catskills, or to the countless lakes and sea-shore resorts which invite him to try their yet unravished charms. He makes his selection sometimes on the mere strength of a newspaper letter, and wastes his whole summer in vain endeavors to make pictures of what has really no picturesque elements. The place probably is attractive enough, perhaps exceedingly charming to the mere lover of landscape, but yet lacks all the essential elements which constitute the picturesque to the eye of the artist, who soon finds out that broad sheets of water, and hills however lofty, are not alone sufficient to make a pleasing and harmonious landscape when represented on canvas. The truth is, that none but an artist can give reliable advice to artists as to the really picturesque capabilities of a place. He only can judge of such capabilities who possesses a practical acquaintance with the possibilities and requirements of art, and understands its limitations as well as its powers.

There are many landscapes exceedingly pleasing to the eye of the general beholder, and possessing many charming and interesting features, which yet the trained eye of the artist sees at a glance that it would be impossible effectively to represent in a satisfactory manner on canvas. Bayard Taylor is one of

the few writers of travels who knows how to describe a landscape with a just and accurate comprehension of its value to an artist, and this because he is an artist himself, and consequently gets accurate impressions of what he sees with a reference to artistic purposes.

The favorite resorts for landscape-painters in this part of the country have been Mount Desert, in Maine; the White Mountains, in New Hampshire; the Adirondacks, of Northern New York; the Catskills; and Lake George. At Mount Desert the great attractions for summer-sketching are its cool climate, and its singular combination—nowhere else to be found on our Atlantic coast—of lofty hills in close proximity to the sea. It presents at first glance to the unprofessional beholder an apparent epitome of all that is picturesque. It has a rugged coast, worn by the storms of countless centuries, high, rocky islands, steep cliffs and hills that aspire to the dignity of mountains. Yet, though some of our best artists have made it their resort for years, experience has shown that in reality it affords a very limited field for art, and of late years the painters have almost abandoned it to the fashionable tourists, and have sought the materials for their landscapes in much less pretentious places. Very few are painting there this summer, and these are mostly young men at work on their first pictures. These shun Bar Harbor and the large hotels, and live near Otter Cliffs or Great Head, within easy walking-distance of the places where the finest rock-formations on the island are to be found.

Materials such as artists require are actually to be found much more profusely than at Mount Desert in the vicinity of some of our great cities, as along the Schuylkill and Wissahiccon, near Philadelphia; at Staten Island, the Neversink Hills, and other environs of New York; or among the beautiful hills a few miles south of Boston, where fine trees and sloping meadows combine with the blue sea and a rocky coast to form the loveliest pictures that the painter could wish to see. We know of nothing more charming for the artist than some of these situations near Boston, when the low light of the western sun draws into lengthened shadows the cultivated landscape, combining in one harmonious whole the oldest trees, the greenest grass, softly-rounded lawns, and graceful villages, bounded by a singularly-variegated line of sea, dotted with islands and sparkling with sails, the whole presenting such a tenderness of light and form as Claude Lorraine delighted to portray.

The White Mountains undoubtedly afford a great abundance of materials for artists, particularly at North Conway, the eminent beauties of which have been amply celebrated by the literary class, and are yet perhaps more satisfactory to the artists than those of any other of our popular resorts. They find the richest of materials for the pencil in her blue hills, her mountains white with snow or flushed with the hues of sunset, her rippling brooks and sunny meadows dotted with waving elms. They find here what is not found at Mount Desert, a distance of fine curves, a middle-ground of meadow and river of soft beauty, and a foreground broken into crisp

and variegated light and shade, rocks strewed in wild profusion, vegetation of great variety, picturesquely-winding roads, twisted pines or birches, yellow sheafs of corn—in short, all the elements of a picture ready made to their hands. The artist here finds that the mountains are indeed lovely, and at the right distances for his purposes; that great mossy rocks, glowing with every tint of his palette, lie beside still pools of amber brightness, in which white summer clouds mirror themselves. Everywhere he finds, without toil or trouble, without long tramps over dusty roads, accessible points, revealing a distant peak, a bit of gleaming river, or a soft stretch of bright meadow, smooth as a lawn, and elegant as a park. It makes no difference in this enchanting spot whether the day be fine, and purple and gold lights and shadows play over the varied landscape; whether October mists hide the mountain-tops, and winds tear "the lingering remnants of the yellow hair" from trees stripped thin of their leaves. The brooks may rush white and foaming, or may sleep above white pebbles—it makes little difference to the artist. Always and everywhere North Conway is in a picture-dress. Probably no spot in America has been so often and so persistently painted, and there are but few American artists of any note who have not at some time made a careful copy of its features without attempting to vary a line of it.

The advantages offered by the Adirondacks to landscape-painters may be summed up briefly in the statement that it is a great region almost in a state of Nature, though forming a part of the most populous State of the Union, and that it comprises a great number of mountains and mountain-lakes, with two or three rivers, the whole region being covered by a dense forest, much of which is of primeval growth. The lakes and rivers are, almost without exception, of singular purity of water, and are nearly undecayed by the homely structures that ordinarily mar the face of Nature in the beginning of American settlements. The region is so immense in its extent, and so varied in its natural features, that it undoubtedly offers an almost inexhaustible field for the artist who is content to paint the wilderness. But there is a total absence of the softer beauties that spring from cultivation, although in the meadows along the Racket there are many fine bits of natural, park-like scenery. A hundred years hence, perhaps, when the forests have been somewhat cleared away, and the banks of the lakes and rivers converted into lawns and meadows, and dotted with flocks and herds, the Adirondacks will afford almost inexhaustible resources for the painter. There will always remain enough of the region in a wild state to satisfy those who wish to paint mountains, cataracts, brooks, and ponds, in their natural condition, unmodified by the hand of man.

Lake George and the Catskills have many of the characteristic features of the Adirondacks, and their availability for the artists is proved by the constancy with which many of our best painters, as Kensett, Durand, Whitledge, and Sanford Gifford, have year after year reproduced the forms of gloomy ravines

traversed by rushing brooks, with foregrounds of mossy rocks scattered in effective masses beyond the power of man to essentially mar. Beyond these gorges soar blue peaks looming above rocky chasms, and from many a mountain-side Gifford has portrayed the autumn haze and color which each season rest upon these hills, while some of Durand's best paintings represent the still depths of Lake George with the purple shadows of a storm or the light of evening giving beauty or solemnity to the region around it. These natural features of beauty are permanent and beyond the power of man to mar or destroy, and render both Lake George and the Catskills an enduring field for the artist.

ALTHOUGH we are in the middle of the summer, a season usually devoted by the artists to out-door study, there are yet a number of leading men at work in their studios. One of these industrious painters is Mr. Lemuel E. Wilmarth, of the Tenth-Street Building. As will be remembered, Mr. Wilmarth was the author of the clever little painting "Ingratitude," which was in the late Academy exhibition. He is now engaged upon (and the work is well advanced toward completion) a larger and more important canvas, the subject of which is entitled "The Target Excursion." The subject portrays the interior of the boiler-room of one of our great manufacturing establishments, with the men, who have been excused from work, gathering and merry-making previous to their departure for the march. The chief interest in the scene centres in the action of the pioneer—the biggest man in the shop, who is always selected to lead the van, and is supposed to be the "bravest of the brave." This great fellow stands in the centre of the room, with his head thrown back in affright, and his bearskin hat and battle-axe fallen upon the floor at his feet. A beer-glass, filled with lager, has also fallen from his hands, and its fragments are scattered over the brick pavement. All of this fright of the gallant leader has been caused by a huge "straddle-bug," such as the boys sell in the streets to amuse children, which one of the fun-loving, stay-at-home fellows has attached to a pole, and from a hiding-place behind the furnace is dancing it over his head. On the right there is a group of men arrayed in red shirts, cross-belts, and other accoutrements, getting ready for the march, and, in anticipation of it, they are partaking of refreshments, which the negro target-bearer has provided for them in a pail at his feet. The members of this group appear astonished at the discomfiture of their leader; but there is fun in their faces, and they, no doubt, enjoy the little comedy as much as the fellows who have instigated it. The subject is composed with great spirit, and as an illustration of a phase of city-life we have rarely seen its equal upon canvas. The figures are well grouped, each man of the main body is in his right place, and all are busy, except the leader, with the preparations. The bright coloring of the uniform-shirts is in striking contrast to the stained walls of the furnace-room, but under the influence of the strong morning sunlight which illuminates the farthestmost recesses of the

place their gaudy tones are subdued, and those more sombre brought up in unison with them. The drawing is excellent, and a clever bit of perspective looking through the old shop over the heads of the main group gives additional interest to the scene.

THE comment is frequently made that statues to everybody but to men of New York reputation go up in the Central Park. There are now erected within those grounds busts to Schiller and Humboldt, two Germans; statues to Walter Scott, a Scotsman, to Shakespeare, an Englishman; and, shortly, there is to be erected a statue each to Lafayette, Burns, and Tom Moore, while the Spaniards in New York are talking about a statue to Cervantes. There is one frightful caricature to Morse, who is of Massachusetts birth; and next year Webster and Fitz-Greene Halleck are to be commemorated by effigies in bronze. But, so far, not one New-Yorker. It is scarcely worth while to consider the exact birth-place of a man whose statue is to be placed in the park, but we ought to honor our national worthies if not our local ones. It is true that the statues to foreigners have been presented to the park by interested persons—the busts of Schiller and Humboldt by admiring Germans resident here; the statues of Scott and Burns by Scotchmen. Fortunately, we are to have in another year a statue to Daniel Webster, and one to Fitz-Greene Halleck; there is an organization forming among ladies to raise the money for a statue to Washington Irving; and a colossal bust of Bryant has been cast, designed for this great pleasure-ground. So it looks as if the reproach of our neglect of our own great people would not long remain good. But steps should be taken for statues to Fenimore Cooper, De Witt Clinton, and some of our old Dutch celebrities.

A COMPETITION took place recently among German artists for the painting of the curtain of the Dresden Theatre, Ferdinand Keller, of Carlsruhe, receiving the award. Here, now, is a hint for some of our enterprising managers. Let one of them, by way of experiment, invite our painters to compete for the painting of a new curtain for his theatre—or, let us say, rather for the furnishing of a design or study for a new curtain, to be executed either by himself or by trained scene-painters under his direction. The substitution of a genuine piece of art-work for the strange monstrosities that commonly, in the way of stage-curtain, amaze and amuse the theatre-goer, would be a great gain to the æsthetic pleasure of the cultivated spectator, would do something toward promoting right art-ideas among the general public, would be rendering a rightful homage to art, and would prove to be a first-rate card for the manager setting the example.

A WRITER in the *Gentleman's Magazine* utters the following sound comments on the charms of comparative kinds of landscape-painting: "The French have eschewed the conventional and sensational style of landscape. Novel and startling effects are not in favor in the *ateliers*. Before railways they followed Salvador Rosa and Poussin, and sought

to render those sites which command the attention and admiration of the tourist. Precipices and mountain-scenes are no longer in favor. I think the artists and the public right in preferring what tranquilizes and seduces to what violently excites the imagination. However imposing the sites presented by Alpine districts, they do not present to the painter the advantage the uninitiated may fancy over lowlands with extended horizons. The play of light and the effects of atmospheric perspective are of greater value in the plains, which also, taking more easily the fleeting impress of the cloud's gentle sinuosities, lead quietly from pleasure to pleasure, like a gracious woman indifferent to admiration but solicitous of securing lasting friends. The artist who charms is superior to him who ambitiously aims at heaping Pelion upon Ossa, and succeeds in accomplishing this prodigy. It is curious to note how few great landscape-painters have come from the Scotch or Welsh mountains, the Alps or Pyrenees, or the sublimely savage coast of Norway. The dells and denes of Kent and Surrey and the river-banks round London and Paris have, on the contrary, been a rich source of inspiration."

THE *Academy* series of notices of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, written by W. M. Rossetti, ends by asserting that "the general calibre of the pictures is decidedly mediocre, with low aims and superficial work—superficial, though frequently very clever." He says: "In one of the plays of the Jacobean dramatist George Chapman, 'The Revenge of Bussey d'Ambois,' we find a few lines which members, associates, and exhibitors of the Royal Academy would do well to lay to heart, representing as they do only too faithfully the ideal, aims, and methods, of many of our artistic practitioners:

'Since good arts fall, crafts and deceits are used.
Men ignorant are idle: idle men
Most practise what they most may do with ease—
Fashion and favor; all their studies aiming
At getting money.'

Chapman's speaker adds:

'Which no wise man ever
Fed his desires with.'

We will not say that the artists of the present day may not allowably be 'wise in their generation,' and make money. Let them sell their works at such prices as they can command: only let them determine that those works shall first of all be good, and done for the sake of being good rather than for that of their money equivalent."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

July 20, 1875.

THE weather continues to be the leading topic in all social circles at present, for, in the language of the poet, "the rain it raineth every day." Literally and truly is this so, for not a single day has elapsed for six weeks past without a shower or a succession of showers. According to the calendar this is the month of July, but by the barometer and thermometer one would swear it was April. Think of midsummer weather, where the thermometer ranges between 60° and 70° in the middle of the day, where people sleep under blankets at night, wear cashmere dresses and flannel underwear, and dare not stir out without umbrellas! Think of that, O ye swelterers under an American summer sun at home! Ow-

ing to this unusual state of the weather, the *cafés chantants*, the Besselièvre concerts, and the open-air balls of the Champs-Élysées, usually the most popular and patronized of all Parisian entertainments in summer, are having but a hard time of it. *Per contra*, the theatres, that is to say, the few that remain open, are prospering finely. People who had departed for summer quarters by the sea-shore or among the mountains, are returning to the city, literally chilled and drenched out of their rustic retreats. The Parisians are very savage at the rains: it spoils all their pleasant out-door life, puts a stop to all *fêtes* and festivities, turns their pretty suburban pleasure-grounds into wastes of mud, and ruins their enjoyment generally. However, the forty days of rain that we are supposed to go through if it rains on St. Médard's day (the French substitute for the Irish Sheela) are wellnigh over, so we may reasonably expect a cessation of these continual showers.

After all the blowing of trumpets in which Glady Brothers, the publishers, indulged respecting the preface to the "Imitation of Christ," which Alexandre Dumas was to write, it turns out that the great dramatist is not going to write it after all. He yields the task to M. Louis Veuillot, of the *Univers*, the well-known Ultramontane writer, who, probably, will treat the subject as well as, if not better than, his more brilliant but profane confrères would have done. Michel Lévy Brothers announce, amid their forthcoming publications, two new novels by George Sand, entitled respectively "Flamarande" and "Les Deux Frères;" a novel by Edouard Cadol, called "La Bête Noire;" and one by Arsène Houssaye, which bears the striking name of "Dianas and Venuses." If only the romances of this showy, shallow, immoral writer were as clever as their titles, they would be very pleasant reading. Unfortunately, they are only very flippant, very flimsy, and very indecent. A translation of Mr. Grenville Murray's charming and sparkling novel, "The Member for Paris," has just been issued by Ghio. For three years past, authorization to publish this translation has been sought for from the powers that be, and has only just been granted. The version, which is extremely well done, is by the Chevalier Boutillier. As the book abounds in sketches of the Parisian notabilities of the last days of the Empire, and is, moreover, a very interesting story, I should not be surprised if its Parisian success were to equal its English one.

There is an interesting sketch of the elder Dumas, as manager and dramatist, in the last installment of the amusing memoirs of Laferrrière. He gives an account of the rehearsals of the "Chevalier de Maison Rouge"—a drama adapted by Dumas from his own novel of the same name. When the piece was first read at the theatre it produced but little effect. "Dumas," says Laferrrière, "was one of the most deplorable readers in the world, his voice had false intonations, and his delivery a false emphasis. That man, whose pen was so alert and sparkling, did not know how to utter a phrase, and in his mouth comedy itself became lugubrious. Some friends were speaking before him one day of Schiller, and, very naturally, they declared that in all respects he was far superior to the author of 'Wallenstein.' Dumas did not appear thoroughly convinced, and, turning to Madame Dorval, who had listened to the discussion without uttering a word, he said:

"Well, Marie, what do you think of these absurdities?"

"My dear Dumas, I rather agree with

them—you far surpass Schiller in one respect."

"What is that?"

"You read far worse than he did."

"Dumas burst out laughing. He remembered how the unhappy German dramatist, having read his 'Don Carlos' before the reading-committee at the Dresden Theatre, had his work instantly and unanimously refused."

"Thus we all found the 'Chevalier de Maison Rouge' detestable, and predicted its total failure. But we took care to keep this unpleasant impression to ourselves."

"The rehearsals were commenced at once. The preparatory ones, those destined to make certain the memory only, took place in the absence of the author. But, as soon as the parts were known and the actors could repeat them from memory, Dumas appeared among us like Jupiter Tonans emerging from the clouds."

"Notwithstanding some little weaknesses, Dumas was a great master of stage effect. Under his influence, the dulllest dialogue, the most unimportant situation, took an unforeseen physiognomy. It was necessary to be well acquainted with him in order to know to what a point he could, when he pleased, become sympathetic and *entrainant*. At rehearsals and when he was 'à th' vein,' he could in a moment become a man of the people, speaking the language of the faubourgs; and every thing about him, accent, words, and movements, became transformed. Then did his voice become true, his intonations simple and natural. He knew how to be for two hours the most amazing of dramatic teachers, and such was the sympathetic clearness of his explanations that he could make a hundred actors out of a hundred supernumeraries."

"But there was a reverse to this medal. These were the days when, instead of coming alone to the rehearsal to make, as he used to say to us, 'a nice little cookery by ourselves,' he would arrive escorted by his courtiers, like Louis XIV. Then he was no longer the same man. Preoccupied by the effect which he wished to produce upon these chance hearers, he struck attitudes for the gallery, he became disagreeable, unjust, capricious, disdainful, discouraging, taking each of us for the target of his sarcasm, and remaining no longer for us our great instructor and master of scenic effect."

"At the last dress-rehearsal of the 'Chevalier de Maison Rouge,' he came, unfortunately for us, surrounded by some four hundred of his flatterers, in the midst of whom he sat enthroned in a front box, from which he governed the affairs on the stage with his powerful voice, like a ship-captain commanding his crew."

"On this particular evening he was peculiarly insupportable. The piece no longer appeared to him as a well-defined and brilliant whole, it seemed to him to be dull, cold, and immoderately long. Being very impressionable and, consequently, easily discouraged, he thought that he discerned a certain embarrassment among the little audience, and naturally he threw all the blame of this unpleasant impression upon us. I appeared to him particularly detestable, and he selected me as the object of his carping and his epigrams."

"At last we came to the scene when *Maurice Lindsay* (myself) leaps through the window of the pavilion to arrest *Maison Rouge*. When I attempted to scale the window I found that the sill was placed too high, and I stopped short. Dumas called to me:

"Well, well! go on—jump in!"

"I indicated from afar the obstacle to him, but, as I was certain to be wrong in his eyes, a dialogue ensued between us which for five

minutes amused the by-standers excessively. Finally, no longer able to contain himself, he quitted his box, rushed upon the stage, and tried to mount that unlucky window himself. Notwithstanding his long arms, his long legs, and his gigantic height, he could not succeed. At length, on making one last violent effort, the supports of the scene gave way, and window, balcony, and Dumas, all came tumbling down together! That was the first great sensation of the evening. But he picked himself up with the greatest composure, and said, as calmly as though nothing had happened:

"Go on, gentlemen!"

"We did go on; but Dumas, provoked and wearied, returned to his box, determined to take his revenge at the first opportunity."

"A few moments later, thanks to chance, or rather to my lucky star, I discovered one of the most striking effects of my rôle."

"In the sixth tableau there occurred a scene when the heroine, *Geneviève*, comes to *Maurice* to seek for shelter. At that point I saw *Atala Beauchêne* (the actress who played *Geneviève*) enter wrapped up in the black cloak which she was accustomed to put on when she left the theatre."

"What!" I cried, 'are you going to play a love-scene bundled up that way? You must be mad!'

"Well," answered *Atala*, with that viperous coldness that formed the foundation of her character, 'I do not want to catch cold, and, besides, every thing is going so badly this evening that I do not feel in the mood for rehearsing.'

"I was so exasperated by this reply that, when I came to the moment when *Maurice* kneels before *Geneviève*, instead of untying the ribbons of that wretched cloak, I tore it violently from off her. My gesture, the surprised attitude of *Atala*, the garment slipping from her shoulder, and my cry of 'How beautiful you are!' made up a scene that was marvelously successful and *entrainant*. The effect was electric—audience, actors, supernumeraries, all applauded vehemently, while Dumas cried out:

"Did I not tell you that every thing was upside down this evening? There is *Laferrière* who is actually making believe to be a genius!"

"We all laughed, and he was satisfied. He had had that time a share in the success."

"All these little accidents and vexations did not hinder us from going gayly to take supper, at three o'clock in the morning, at the *café* of the theatre. While drinking our champagne to the healths of our director and of the authors of 'Maison Rouge,' I wagered that the piece would draw for one hundred nights, a dazzling number at that epoch."

"I'll take your wager for twenty," said a voice that seemed to proceed from the ill-lighted depths of the room. We all turned round; it was Dumas, who was nursing his gloom in company with a bone of cold mutton."

"Melingue and I went to him, and offered him a glass of champagne."

"Twenty representations only!" cried Melingue—"do you mean it?"

"The piece will draw for twenty nights," repeated Dumas, looking round; "and then you, my children, will draw for eighty more!"

"We hastened, then, to gather around him, happy to find him alone and without his court—that is to say, to find our own, our real Dumas again."

"We were all wrong: the 'Chevalier de Maison Rouge' had over two hundred consecutive representations."

Salvini is positively coming to Paris next autumn. He is expected here this week to settle the preliminary arrangements and to engage a theatre. He will probably take the *Salle Ventadour*, which combines the advantages of being fashionable, well situated, and not too large. As it is probable that Strakosch will relinquish all his plans for giving Italian opera here next winter, it is fortunate that this classic hall should be so worthily occupied. I am very curious to see how he will be received here. Will the critics pronounce him an uncultured barbarian, or will they recognize in him the greatest actor of the age, which he really is? It is impossible to decide. A nation that calls Shakespeare barbarous has every chance of seeing nothing in Salvini's acting but violent contortions and untutored effects."

That rare marvel of the Parisian stage, a translation of an English play, has just been produced at the *Gymnase*. The piece in question is the well-known drama of "Hunted Down; or, the Two Lives of Mary Leigh," by *Dion Bouicault*, translated and arranged by *M. de Najac*. It has not proved very successful, the strong effects which are popular on the American and English boards being considered inartistic by the Parisian critics. It was wonderfully well acted throughout, *Achard* being particularly successful in the rôle of the villain *Rawdon*. But the great star of the cast was undoubtedly *Mademoiselle Tallandieri*, in the character of *Lea*, the Italian model whose name forms the title of the French version of the piece. Her fiery and impassioned acting, the strange lightnings of her wonderful dark eyes, the play of her somewhat heavy but expressive features, combined to make up a striking and thrilling dramatic picture. She is a great actress, is this strange, wild creature, who is said by blood to be half Arab. The *Gymnase* has also produced a charming little one-act piece, by the lamented *Amédée Achard*, called "Le Sanglier des Ardennes." *Le Sanglier* is a wealthy, cross old fellow, who has gained that sobriquet from his relatives by his ill-nature and contradictoriness. He has a young niece whom he scolds, whom he idolizes, and whom he has adopted as a daughter. Of course this prospective heiress has many suitors, but they all take flight from before the diabolical humor of *Le Sanglier*, except one soft, pertinacious fool who is resolved to win the young lady's dowry at all hazards, and who agrees with the terrible uncle on all points, even going so far as to acquiesce in his declaration that the moon is square in the daytime and round at night, and that one egg is a sufficient breakfast for a man. But the young lady secretly loves her cousin, who is an independent, outspoken young fellow, and who finally gets into a violent quarrel with his uncle after contradicting him on all points. "Come to my arms!" cries *Le Sanglier*, to the amazement of his young adversary. "I have been seeking everywhere for a man with a will of his own, and you shall be the husband of my niece!" This pretty trifle was admirably played by *Landrol Achard* and bewitching little *Marie Legault*.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

You may like to know who wrote the long review in the *Athenæum* of the "Memoirs of General William T. Sherman." It was my friend Major Knollys, the brother of the Prince of Wales's private secretary—a gallant gentleman, who has seen much service in India, and who is our Inspector-General of Ordnance. By-the-way, I ought to mention that the major

highly lauds, as a whole, both the book and its author, as these final paragraphs will show:

"That General Sherman is a bold, able leader, a skillful strategist and tactician, as well as an admirable organizer and administrator, these volumes show. We are, however, bound to bear in mind that he invariably had the big battalions on his side, and that so vast were the resources of the North that he could always afford to lose two to one without his numerical superiority being much affected. Still, he deserves credit for his successes, and his reflections on the military lessons of the war are worthy of attentive consideration.

"The literary merits of the book before us are considerable. The narrative is clear and concise, and four years of military operations on a gigantic scale are described in fewer words than are required by some authors in writing the history of a couple of battles. The style is, however," adds Major Knollys, who I know has a strong objection to some of your colloquial phrases, "full of slang and vulgarisms." "We expected something better from one who has received the excellent education of West Point," concludes he.

Signor Salvini is doubtless well pleased with his visit to our shores. All along he has been triumphant. If his *Hamlet* was not considered by us so good as his *Othello*, still the personation was widely praised. Indeed, the signor has been puffed and lauded, banqueted and dined to repletion. Why, even Macready or the elder Kean never had such glowing criticisms written on them. Enthusiastic to the last degree was the tremendous audience on the occasion of the famous tragedian's farewell benefit at the "Lane" the other day. He played *Othello*, and, in the course of the evening, was almost smothered with bouquets. After the performance, too, he was presented with a handsome silver snuff-box, that had been subscribed for by the members of the orchestra. Better than all, he has "netted"—I believe "netted" is the proper word—some thousands of pounds by his short engagement here.

A great many new books are in the press or on the "stocks." For instance, "George Eliot"—that is, Mrs. George Henry Lewes—is about to give us another novel of English midland life; Mr. George Augustus Sala, the famous "special" and leader-writer of the *Daily Telegraph*—he boasts that he has written ever so many thousands of leaders for that journal—a volume on "Cookery in its Historical Aspects;" Mr. Smiles, "Lives of the Engineers," a companion to "Self-Help," to be entitled "Thrifty;" Mr. John Forster, Dickens's biographer, a "Life of Swift"—a "life" which will contain no end of hitherto unpublished matter in the shape of letters, etc.; Dr. Doran, the editor of *Notes and Queries*, a volume of Sir Horace Mann's correspondence (Sir Horace was our ambassador at Florence in Horace Walpole's day); the young Earl of Mayo, son of the late Viceroy of India, "Sport in Abyssinia;" Lady Hobart, the life and writings of her late husband, the erst Governor of Madras; Mr. J. Eglington Bailey, the sermons of that worthy old divine, Thomas Fuller; and Mr. R. G. Haliburton, some essays on colonial subjects.

The opera-season is drawing to a close. Covent Garden was shut up a few days ago, and "Old Drury's" doors will soon be bolted also. At it, we have just had "Lohengrin" again, with Madame Christine Nilsson as *Elsa di Brabant*; Titiens as *Ortrud*; Signor Galliassi in *Frederico di Tebromondo*; and Signor Campanini in the title rôle. The "music of the future" is certainly making its influence felt

among us. It will, doubtless, become popular gradually, as Mr. Tennyson thinks his "Queen Mary" will.

One of the most pleasant entertainments in London just now is that which is given nightly at the Egyptian Hall by Miss Emily Faithfull and Miss Ella Dietz, a young countrywoman of yours. Miss Faithfull gives readings from the works of your native bards Bryant, Whitman, Longfellow, Will Carleton, etc.; while Miss Dietz plays very charmingly in a little comedieta she has adapted from the French, and called "Lessons in Harmony." You have, I know, had an opportunity of hearing Miss Faithfull read, therefore I need not dwell on her elocutionary powers. These are as great as ever; indeed, I think that, if any thing, her voice is more mellow and flexible than it was when she visited your shores. How pathetically she reads Walt Whitman's lines on the death of Abraham Lincoln—one of the most beautiful lyrics extant, in your humble servant's opinion. Yet, there are some who say that the "divine afflatus" is not Walt's at all!

Major Wellington de Boots—I mean Mr. J. S. Clarke—will begin an engagement at the Haymarket on the 21st of August—which reminds me that a far abler comedian, a far more conscientious one, at any rate (let me put it that way), than Mr. Clarke, is, as I dare say you have heard, about to cross over to you—Mr. George Honey, at present playing *Graves* in "Money" at the Prince of Wales's. Mr. George Belmore, too, who, as *Newman Noggs* in "Nicholas Nickleby," is one of the great attractions at the Adelphi just now, is also on the point of visiting you—that is, if Mr. Chatterton will only let him. That gentleman has applied for an injunction to restrain him from going, on the ground that he (Mr. Belmore) is breaking an agreement. The case is pending; but I hope for your and my readers' sakes that Mr. Belmore will gain the day, for I am sure he would delight you and them "muchly," to use the great Artemus's phrase.

The general opinion is that Mr. George Rignold's acting has been improved by his American visit; I know you'll like to hear that. At present he is playing *Lord Clancarty* at the Queen's. On the opening night of this, his first engagement since his return, he was received with hurrahs, cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs. Yes, it was an enthusiastic scene: wherefore the young actor made a little speech, in which he referred with obvious pride to his transatlantic tour. Altogether, however, his remarks were by no means judicious: they smacked of over-confidence and egoism. But there—one can't wonder at that! After the fuss you made over him, the only marvel is that he doesn't look down on Irving and Salvini.

Signor Arditi will conduct the Promenade Concerts—they begin on the 7th of August—at Covent Garden this year. We are promised great things. Last year they were conducted by Hervé, of "Chilpéric" renown, who wielded the *bûton* in a depressingly spiritless and unenergetic way. Talking of Covent Garden reminds me that the great feature of the just-closed opera-season there has certainly been the "first performance on any stage" of Mademoiselle Thalberg. That young lady has already become a big favorite with us. She has entranced us with her singing, and charmed us with her looks. The last time I was at the "Garden"—mademoiselle sustained *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni" on the occasion—quite twenty bouquets were thrown to her.

Just now I was shown the last letter that Tom Robertson, the author of "Caste" and

"Society"—he was always called Tom by his intimates—ever wrote. A very affecting epistle it is. It is written in pencil, and is addressed to a friend of mine whose wife had just died. "I feel, dear boy, it will not be long ere I follow your beloved wife myself," wrote Robertson. "But cheer up, old fellow; there's something better, I hope, in store for all of us." A few hours afterward he was dead! Robertson's character, by-the-way, was a strangely contradictory one. At one time he was gentle as a child; at another full of blasphemy!

Mr. William Gilbert, the author of that powerful novel, "Shirley Hall Asylum," is about to make a sojourn in Egypt, with the object of collecting (and publishing) the early Christian legends which there abound. The Mr. Gilbert I refer to, let your readers note, is not the famous dramatist and author of "The Bab Ballads," but his able *père*. In this case the son's celebrity has quite overshadowed the father's. A proof in point: the son's biography appears in "Men of the Time," while the father's does not. I had occasion to write to Mr. Gilbert, Sr., the other day, regarding some magazine-work. "Oh," said he, jocularly, the moment he saw me, "I suppose you've made a mistake, and wanted to see my son!" But I had not.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has changed his publishers. His forthcoming work on your country—it will dwell on the war of races, and be entitled "White Conquest: America in 1875"—will be issued, not by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, but by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Mr. Hotten's successors. Much new matter will appear in it, Mr. Dixon's letters to the British press while he was last among you forming, as it were, only the corner-stone.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

GRADUATED ATMOSPHERES.

THE mean distance of the planet Mercury from the sun is about 37,000,000 miles, and that of the planet Neptune about 2,890,000,000 miles. If, then, the sun is simply a vast, incandescent body, diffusing light and heat like an ordinary fire, it is obvious that, unless there are some modifying circumstances, the degree of light and heat to which Mercury is subjected is immeasurably more intense than that experienced by Neptune, and that the animal and vegetable life of the one planet is utterly impossible to the other. Presuming both planets to be inhabited, this would seem to involve a special creation for each. But here we are embarrassed by the consideration that all the members of our system obey what appear to be universal laws; and that, with but one exception, they are similarly shaped; while the revelations of the spectroscopic seem to invite the conclusion that their constituents are identical in the main. Assuming these three precise facts as a basis of induction, we ought reasonably to verge toward the conviction that throughout the whole of our system there is a corresponding homogeneity in animal and vegetable life, and something like an equable distribution of light and heat. At this point, however, in steps the commonly-received theory of the great central fire of the sun—a theory that seems to interfere with the

unity that should characterize our small family of planets, and that tends to confuse our ideas in relation to the sublime sequences which, most assuredly, bind in one harmonious whole all the operations of the Creator.

If the luminous atmosphere that is said to surround the sun, or the gases that are alleged to be in a constant and violent state of combustion within the vast circumference of that atmosphere, are the immediate and only source of light and heat to the individual planets within the sphere of solar attraction, then, as already intimated, Mercury must, in the absence of modifying circumstances, be on fire, to the very core, so to speak, while Neptune should, on the other hand, be little better than a solid ball of ice. But, supposing we venture to imagine that a positive expression of light and heat is evolved within the atmospheres of the various planets only: then, might we not begin to discern the road a little more clearly before us, even though it should still be encumbered with some difficulties?

It is said that an impulse given by the sun to the ether, at a point 95,000,000 miles from us, reaches the earth in something like eight minutes. But, as light or heat seems to have no mission to perform save in the immediate vicinity of the planets, the evolution of either at any vast distance from these bodies would apparently serve no good purpose, but would, on the contrary, seem to indicate a waste of power and a want of design. We should, however, be able to relieve ourselves here if we entertained the proposition that this mysterious impulse, which causes the ether, so sensitive and sublimated is the latter, to vibrate many hundred billions of times in a second, does not express itself in any appreciable degree while traversing the vast, impalpable ocean that fills the universe of space, but manifests its existence only when it encounters a dense or foreign body like our atmosphere, where it might be presumed to express itself in a manner widely different from that which characterized its unimpeded course down through what might be termed the silent and mysterious realms of nothingness.

The existence of different media and forces seems indispensable to the production of phenomena of any description. The ærolite sweeps through space in coldness and darkness until it enters our atmosphere, when it becomes a centre of light and heat so intense that it is frequently consumed before it reaches the earth. Every condition of being seems to express itself through a conflict of forces, how harmonious soever the antagonism may be. Perfect homogeneity is but another name for non-existence. So that this mighty, all-pervading ocean of ether, which is sensitive and attenuated beyond the human comprehension, were absolute nothingness but for the forces that antagonize with it. Had it no shores to break upon while vibrating to the impalpable impulse already mentioned—no element differing in nature or density from it to disturb its equilibrium—then were the mighty womb of space empty indeed; for the heavens should virtually be robbed of every radiant point that now studs their azure expanse.

Perhaps it may not be difficult to prove that even directly beneath a noontide, tropical sun, the higher we mount through the regions of our atmosphere the colder and darker it becomes. From this, one might be inclined to argue that our earth, with all the other planets, may be regarded as a vast daguerreotype-plate, coated with the atmosphere, as with chemicals, upon the face of which we find kindled into life and light some of the occult forces brought to bear upon it by our great centre, the sun. Possibly the first feeble impressions of the hosts of heaven, as luminous bodies, are photographed faintly upon the outer limits of our atmosphere, and probably these impressions become more powerful and clearly defined as that medium becomes more dense, until, at the surface of the earth, they are reflected, as it were, with a maximum intensity of light and heat. Nor does this idea appear less incomprehensible than the fact that neither latitude nor the directness of the sun's rays is the truest measure of cold, or light, or heat. The truth of this latter assertion will scarcely be disputed when, at the equator, and consequently on the self-same degree of latitude, we find, within a radius of five or six miles, regions differing widely from each other in fauna and flora, and exhibiting every degree of heat and cold peculiar to the various zones. For example, let us take any point in the very heart of the tropics, where the mountains sweep up from the level of the sea to a height of twenty thousand feet, and we shall meet, at their base, valleys of endless bloom, teeming with life; while but six or seven thousand yards from those passionate vales, up the mountain-side, after encountering almost every variety of climate, we find ourselves in the midst of regions the most desolate, without a solitary vestige of animal or vegetable life, and buried beneath a savage waste of eternal snow; so that latitude is not the true measure of climate or of heat and cold, inasmuch as we see it exhibiting directly under the line the very same characteristics which distinguish it at the poles. We must, therefore, seek for some other standard to which we can appeal with more certainty, and this it appears is to be found in our atmosphere only, where the gradations of heat and cold, if not of light also, are as to the difference in density of the various strata that compose it—the measure being true at any given point, and not affected by local influences.

For the sake of illustration, let us, in imagination, project a line perpendicular to the equator for a distance of twenty thousand feet in the direction of the mid-day sun; and let us assume that this line is identical with the course of a single impulse sped through space from that luminary to the earth, in relation to which impulse, or ray of light, if you will, the angle of incidence and of reflection shall coincide. Let us now, while the vertical sun rests on the top of this line, as it were, philosophize upon some of the strata of atmosphere through which it passes, always remembering that the atmosphere is densest at the level of the sea, and that it becomes gradually attenuated as we ascend through the regions of space. Now, it has

been ascertained, beyond peradventure, that at the lower end of this line a man may be dying from the effects of extreme heat the self-same moment that, at the upper end, which is nearer the sun, another man may be dying from the effects of extreme cold—the one being broiled and the other being frozen to death. Nor is this all; for midway between these two victims, or at a height of eight or nine thousand feet, we find a third person enjoying himself in the open air to the top of his bent.

At no point of the earth's surface are the regions, or rather the extremes, of heat and cold defined so sharply as under the line. This is, doubtless, owing to the fact that the angle of incidence, and that of reflection, are coincident on the part of the solar beams. As we recede from the equator this angle becomes greater and greater, with a corresponding diminution of light and heat, until we reach the poles, where it falls into one horizontal line, as it were. And perhaps this gradual diminution of light and heat is not so much owing to the alleged fact that as we recede from the line any given number of rays of light are made to cover a greater space, as to the obvious one that the angle of incidence and that of reflection become more obtuse at each successive step. Pencils of what we call light are of infinitesimal proportions. Let us, then, project one of the smallest within the compass of an experiment upon a reflecting surface in a dark room, and perhaps we shall be able to discover that the secondary ray performs a more important mission in the concentration of light and heat than is usually accredited to it; for it is obvious that, the smaller the angle here, the more light and heat are expressed within it; while it appears to be equally true, also, that the gradual shading off of climate, from intense heat to intense cold between the equator and the poles, is owing perhaps more clearly to the gradual augmentation of this combined angle than to any other circumstance. Still, at any intervening point, the vertical admeasurement, through the atmosphere, holds relatively good—that is, the more attenuated any of the strata, the colder and, doubtless, the darker it is.

From these few speculations, it may possibly appear to some that the nearness of a planet to the sun, or the remoteness of one from that mighty orb, has not, after all, so much to do with the degree of light and heat experienced by these bodies. Graduated atmospheres, from Mercury to Neptune, would seem to secure something like an equal distribution of light and heat among all the members of our system. A highly-attenuated atmosphere for Mercury, and one correspondingly dense for Neptune, would place both these planets in a more comfortable position, in our imagination, than they have occupied heretofore. JAMES MCCARROLL.

In our recent illustrated description of M. de la Bastie's process for toughening glass, we bade our readers prepare for an early return to the subject, since at that time attention was mainly directed to the process rather than its results. These results or evidences of the character of the discovery were forci-

ably presented by Mr. Nursey, in certain recent experiments before the Society of Arts: "In the course of Mr. Nursey's experiments," says the *Popular Science Review*, "some glass dessert-plates were dropped from a height of between four and five feet to the ground without fracture, one of them rebounding over a table. Subsequently one of the audience dropped a plate from a height of four feet on to an iron grating, and it rebounded to the height of a foot without injury. Grease-catchers, put on candles, were thrown with some force from the same height with similar result, except when four were thrown together, and then one of them broke into innumerable fragments, without the sharp, cutting edges which are so characteristic of the fracture of glass not so toughened. A piece of plate-glass about six inches square and a quarter-inch thick was next put into a frame of wood, so as to raise the under surface of the glass half an inch from the floor. A brass four-ounce weight was then dropped several times from a height of ten feet fairly on to the centre of the piece of glass with perfect impunity. Next an eight-ounce weight was tried with the same result. Then a piece of one-eighth-inch plate was substituted, and the lecturer, a man approaching twelve stone in weight, put his heel in the centre and spun round on it. Next the eight-ounce weight was dropped on it, and, as in the case of the thicker piece, without the slightest damage. A piece of the same quarter-inch plate-glass, which had not been toughened, was broken with the usual star-fracture by dropping the four-ounce weight from a height of two feet. At last, as it seemed impossible to break the plates of glass in any other way, a hammer was brought, and a smart blow being given to one of the quarter-inch-thick plates, it shattered into a great number of very small pieces, and with the peculiarity of the edges of the pieces being rounded, as if partially fused after fracture."

It is only by these and kindred ocular demonstrations that the remarkable significance and practical value of this discovery may be understood; and in view of these facts we feel justified in emphasizing our former statement that the discovery of De la Bastie's is one of the most important ever made in the department of industrial art.

In continuation of this subject, we are prompted to refer to the value of toughened glass in optics. One of the earliest and most forcible objections to the toughened glass was that its extreme hardness rendered it difficult of treatment in the construction of lenses, etc., it being also uncertain as to whether the treatment it had undergone might not so have altered its physical structure as to render it unfit for use in optical instruments. In a recent letter to *Nature*, Mr. H. Pocklington reviews these objections in detail, and gives an extended account of his and other experiments in this direction. The general interest which the subject excites, and the importance of all these practical discussions, induce us to give extended space to these records of experiments in the several departments. The writer above noticed states as follows: "Immediately after the publication of M. de la Bastie's specification I prepared specimens of the glass. I submitted them to careful optical examination by polarized light. Perhaps the best experiments are those made by means of short cylinders and small cubes and parallelepipeds carefully 'hardened.' A small cube with half-inch sides thus prepared has its sides ground plain

and polished. The operation of polishing may be dispensed with if a small microscopical thin cover be cemented on the ground surface with Canada balsam. The cube is then mounted between strips of blackened cork, and examined in the usual way by means of Nicol's prisms, glass plates, or other appropriate polariscope. The beautiful chromatic phenomena thus brought out at once indicate that, among the causes which operate to produce the hardness of the glass, powerful compression of the interior by the contracting exterior must be one. The phenomena are, in fact, essentially those of compressed glass, and the curves of color, or black and yellow, seen when the glass is examined by white or monochromatic light, indicate successive curves of tension and balance or no-tension. In a carefully-prepared glass rod of half-inch length these curves are rings traversed by a well-marked black cross. In an oval the rings assume the character of those seen in biaxial crystals. When plates are examined, the light being transmitted from back to front, they appear to act essentially as bi-refracting plates, but with the crosses and bands somewhat irregularly distributed, and capable of being referred to the angles of the plates or to centres of unequal heating. My experiments on the mechanical properties of the glass have chiefly been confined to testing its hardness and the possibility of grinding it. So far as I have gone at present, I make it to be nearly twice as hard as ordinary glass, which it scratches with ease. It can be cut with a good file well moistened with turpentine, and can be ground on a stone with sand without fracturing, if great care be taken and the glass be well prepared. One piece which manifested when under the polariscope evidences of ill-balanced tension, the neutral line lying near one surface, submitted to transverse grooving, but disintegrated on being ground on one surface as soon as the outer surface had been ground away to near the neutral line. There appears to be an easily-reached limit beyond which the surfaces must not be unequally removed; but, as my friend Mr. Thomas Fairley, F. R. S. E., has been good enough to show me, there is practically no limit beyond which both surfaces may not be simultaneously removed. This result, foretold by me from polariscopical analysis, Mr. Fairley has shown by dissolving the opposing surfaces away by hydrofluoric acid. The least hard portions dissolved much more readily than the thoroughly hardened, and the etched surfaces show wavy lines closely following the tension lines shown by the polariscope. There is, further, this remarkable feature, that the inner portion of the glass proves to be essentially common glass, which fractures in the ordinary way. Further experiments are necessary for the complete elucidation of the subject, and are in progress, but the preceding may be useful to fellow-workers on the subject."

THE fact that tinned surfaces often contain lead as an adulteration in sufficient quantities to act injuriously upon acid solutions of vegetables, fruits, etc., which are brought in contact with them, is well known, and certain wise counselors do not hesitate to protest against the general use of all these canned fruits, which are put up in tin instead of glass cans. Since, however, nothing less than an astounding wholesale catastrophe is likely to induce a public abandonment of this class of luxuries, it may be of service to name a simple method by which the presence of acid can be detected, and thus the manufacturer compelled to furnish a purer material. Having

cleaned the suspected surface thoroughly, place upon it a drop or thin coating of nitric acid. Through the chemical reaction thus induced, stannic oxide is formed, and nitrate of lead, if this metal be present. After a few moments the acid should be expelled by means of gentle heating; the pulverulent spot produced by the acid should then be treated with a solution composed of five parts of iodide of potassium in one hundred parts of water. Should lead be present, this treatment will result in the formation of yellow iodide of lead, which may be readily detected by its characteristic color, since the iodide has no action upon the pure oxide of tin.

CERTAIN interesting facts, and of an order suggestive of further inquiry, were recently presented by Dr. G. L. Phipson. They relate to the interesting phenomena of intermittent ebullition, and of the instances cited was the following: When water strongly acidified with hydrochloric acid and containing a small quantity of benzole was heated, it was found to enter into violent ebullition every sixty seconds. After a while this action ceased altogether, and then recommenced, the intervals then being only thirty seconds, which intervals in turn were again reduced first to twenty, then ten, and finally eight seconds. The temperature of the vapor in the flask remained constant at 101° C., and that of the liquid at 103.5° C.

THE *Photographic News* notices at length the experiments recently made at Trieste to determine the relative intensity of various colored lights. These tests were of a practical character, and were conducted with a view to establish the relative value of colored lights in light-houses. The first place was given to the white light, then came red and green. At half a league's distance the dark-blue lantern was invisible, and the deep-blue nearly so; and it was observed that at a certain distance it was easy to confuse the green with the white; hence, the authorities at Trieste recommend that this colored lantern be only used in the vicinity of the red and white.

In his lecture on light, delivered before the Royal Institute during May last, Professor Cornu stated that, as the result of five hundred and eight experiments, conducted with a view to determine the velocity of light, the average gave one hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and sixty miles per second.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM Mrs. Burton's "Inner Life of Syria" we derive the following in regard to Arab women:

The woman of the settled Arab, in all classes of life, as a rule, lives thus: The husband rises in the morning, she brings his soap and water, and he washes his hands and face. She gives him his breakfast and nargile, and then he goes out. If he is good he will look after his fields, his vineyards, his silk-worms, his shop, or whatever he has. If he is not a steady man he will lounge in the bath and smoke with his friends, neglecting his business. She cleans her house, prepares the evening meal. On his return she must bring him water to wash his hands and face, and she will

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sit on the floor and wash his feet. She gives him his coffee, sherbet, and nargile. Then she brings his dinner, and while he eats she stands and waits upon him, with arms crossed over the breast, and eyes humbly cast down. She dares not speak unless he speaks to her, and does every thing to please him. She then gives him his coffee and pipe, and leaves him to spend the evening as he pleases. This sounds cruel, but, when the pressure of the master's presence is taken off the Eastern woman, she is not half so nice in the common classes. Then she sits in a corner of the room on the floor, and takes the remainder of the dinner with her children, and most probably she sleeps with them. Besides all this, the poorer orders must not only do the whole house-work—lighting fires, boiling water, and cooking dinner—but clean the house, attend to the children, wait on the husband, draw and carry water on her head, break the wood for three or four hours, milk the cows, feed the sheep and goats, drive them to drink, dig the fields, cut the corn, make and bake bread—in fact, all the hard drudgery of both man and woman.

The higher classes of large towns who have grown sufficiently rich, and scraped up a European idea or two, pride themselves on doing nothing but dress, paint, lounge on divans, with nargiles and coffee, sweets, scents, and gossip, and spend several hours in the Turkish bath; they grow fat and yellow, waddling and unwieldy. There is much of this in grand Syrian life. They only see the men of their family, just like the rest, unless they love an *escheffe*, and then, if they find an opportunity, may converse with uncovered face; but woe betide the lovers if the police or the relatives get wind of it, through a servant or an enemy! If a husband comes back to a home made uncomfortable by a careless, foolish wife, he will apply the stick to her without remorse, but not brutally or injuriously, and, if she answers or uses foul language, he will pick off his shoe and strike her on the mouth. But do not be squeamish, my British readers—read our own police-reports, and think the Syrian husband an angel. There are no gouged-out eyes, no ribs broken by "running kicks," and no smashing with the hammer and the poker. This is simply a neglected man asserting his rights with a few stripes in the privacy of his house—not a shameful street-brawl under the influence of drink.

The Bedouins pride themselves on having much more intelligence and refinement, romance and poetry, than the settled Arab races; they have an especial contempt for the fellahin. One day a Bedouin threw this in the face of a Christian fellah. They had some high words about it, upon which the Bedouin said, "Well, thou shalt come to our tents. I will ask my daughter but three questions, we will note her answers. I will accompany thee to thy village, and thou shalt ask thy daughter the same three questions, and we will compare her language with my daughter's. Both are uneducated. My daughter knows naught but Nature's language. Thine may have seen something of towns or villages, and passers-by, and have some advantage over mine."

They first went to the camp.

Bedouin father. "O my daughter!"

Girl. "Here I am, O my father!"

Father. "Take our horses and picket them."

The ground was stony, and she hammered at the peg.

Girl. "My father, I knocked the iron against the stone, but the ground will not open to receive her visitor."

"Change it, O my daughter!"

At dinner her father knew he had rice on his beard, and that the girl was ashamed.

"What is it, O my daughter!"

"My father, the gazelles are feeding in a valley full of grass!"

He understood, and wiped his beard.

"Wake us early, O my daughter!"

"Yes, my father."

She called him: "My father, the light is at hand."

"How dost thou know, O my daughter?"

"The anklets are cold to my feet; I smell the flowers on the river-bank, and the sun-bird is singing."

Thence they went to the fellah's village. It was now his turn.

Fellah. "My daughter!"

Girl. "What do you want, father?"

"Take our horses and picket them."

The ground being hard, she hammered uselessly, and, losing her temper, threw down the stone, crying:

"I have knocked it so hard, and it won't go in."

"Change it then, girl."

At dinner he purposely dropped some rice on his beard. She pointed at him, began to laugh, and said, "Wipe your chin, my father."

On going to bed he said, "Wake us early, my daughter."

"Yes, father," she replied.

"Father," she called at dawn, "get up; it is daylight!"

"How do you know, my daughter?"

"My stomach is empty, I want to eat."

The fellah was obliged to acknowledge the superiority of a Bedouin household over his own.

FROM Mr. Hamerton's paper, in the *Portfolio*, on the painter Etty, we select a passage descriptive of his sojourn abroad, in which we have some amusing instances of the artist's eccentric characteristics:

In 1816 Etty goes abroad. The story of his travels seems to us of this generation like a fragment of ancient history. He crosses from Brighton to Dieppe, is twenty-four hours at sea, much of the time in a narrow berth, and finally lands in an adventurous, unforeseen manner by moonlight. However brief may be this biography, however simple the scheme of it, we cannot omit the artist's teapot, his constant friend and companion. He loves tea much too well to trust Continental grocers or tea-makers, but carries his own materials and apparatus; tea for twelve months, sugar, two kettles, in case of accident to one of them, and the rest. Of course, such supplies and apparatus are a stumbling-block to the minds of Continental custom-house officers, who will never understand how one man can need them all for his own use. Etty's troubles begin at Dieppe, where one of the tea-kettles is confiscated as superfluous, but restored afterward. Etty goes to Rouen in the *diligence*, and sees the cathedral, which he naturally thinks inferior to York; and we may be sure that he will never meet with any ecclesiastical building in Europe which, to him, will appear equal to the great Minster. He arrives at Paris, enters by what, in his barbarous French, he calls the "Barrier d'Neully," then lands at the *bureau de diligence*. He does not like Paris very much, and soon leaves for Switzerland. He crosses the Jura, "passing through ravines such as Salvator Rosa would have delighted to paint," the stock allusion to Salvator Rosa being still, at that time, unexhausted. He is not happy in the country

inns, and becomes especially indignant about custom-house people on the frontier of Switzerland, because they make him pay duty on his stock of sugar. Continental habits put him out: he wants his English breakfast, and does not approve of the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with "sour wine." He complains that he can get "no milk, no tea, nor any thing genial." We should have thought that the great canister in the portmanteau ought to have lasted into Switzerland; perhaps it was packed up and inaccessible for the present. The bright teapot is kept out, however, and Etty characteristically refuses the substantial French *déjeuner* to go and make himself patriotic cups of tea and slices of bread-and-butter in the kitchen of the road-side inns, where the *diligence* halts. After a brief astonishment at the majesty of Switzerland he crosses the Simplon, and finds himself in Italy, where the vineyards delight him "with grapes dropping in clusters, rich, black, and luxuriant, creeping fantastically over alleys of trellis-work, forming a cool and delicious walk beneath." He comes to Florence with the intention of staying and studying there; but finds himself in a state of extreme mental depression, which has a bad effect upon his health. This depression is due to two different causes. He left England in love-anxiously, rather than hopefully, in love; and this disturbs his peace: but it is evident, also, that he was too intensely national in his habits and feelings to enjoy a residence on the Continent. A man who cannot stop at an *auberge* without producing an English teapot, who thinks that *vin ordinaire* is sour, and who prefers bread-and-butter to a substantial *déjeuner*, ought to remain in some English home. At Florence he "feels unequal to the task of going to Rome or Naples," and decidedly says, "I am certain it is not in my power to reside abroad." He says that Florence has a character of gloom about it that he cannot bear. "I am sick to death," he adds, "of traveling in a country where the accommodations are such as no Englishman can have any idea of." He stays just four days at Florence, then leaves it in disgust, and turns back homeward by Pisa, Leghorn, Genoa, Turin, the Mont Cenis, Chambery, Lyons, and Paris—homesick all the time, and doing little or nothing but getting as quickly as possible over the long leagues which separate Italy from England. At Paris he determines to work in Régnault's *atelier*, but finds the students a rude set, and the place a perfect bear-garden—which, from similar experiences, we can well believe. Being "very uncomfortable" in Régnault's *atelier*, he stays there only three days, and very soon gets to Calais, crossing the Channel as quickly as possible in a French vessel, and traveling to London in a Deal coach, with sentiments of love and affection for every brick in the English metropolis.

THERE is a movement in London for the erection of a statue to Lord Byron. A recent meeting of a committee for the purpose was held, which was presided over by Mr. Disraeli. We select from the London *Daily News* the following, elicited by the occasion:

"Byron was born," said Mr. Disraeli, yesterday, "in an age of contracted sympathies and restricted thought;" and it is not very easy to agree with Mr. Disraeli here. Probably at no time have the widest sympathies and thought the most absolutely untrammelled ever influenced the practical conduct of Englishmen of genius so much as in the age of

Godwin and of Shelley. The sentimental sympathies of the French Revolution—the unrestricted thought of that age of reason—really did affect the conduct of Godwin and of Shelley, and nearly brought even Coleridge into practical contact with pantisocracy. Ideas not less unrestricted than those which came from France to England in the beginning of this century are current enough now, but they do not seem to have their old active effect on the persons who profess them in drawing-room conversation. They were more fresh and vigorous in Byron's day, and one of the reasons why Mr. Disraeli had to apologize for Byron's private life, and Lord Rosslyn had to admit that there "were reprehensible details in Byron's life," is that these ideas did not satisfy Byron. There was too much of the English spirit in his genius for him to be the dupe of gorgeous dreams about universal freedom, love, and equality. Perhaps the same thing might be stated more fairly in the assertion that he was not so intoxicated with the revolutionary spirit as to believe that the Revolutionary Utopia was near its fulfillment, and even at the doors. Like Achilles in Homer, he knew instinctively that his life was to be brief, and he determined that the "something unearthly" in his nature should work itself out in securing for him at once fame and pleasure.

The consequences of the fact that Byron was touched by the revolutionary spirit, and that he could not accept the revolutionary dreams, are manifold. One of them is the fact that there is not a public monument in England to the poet who "is the greatest elementary force in her modern literature." Byron alone, of English poets, shared with Goethe the glory of being honored in other countries than his own, of being read in every language, and filling all men's mouths. Scott tasted something of the same wide popularity, but Scott won his fame as a novelist rather than as a poet. He at least has been honored enough in his own country, and the names he used in his tales meet the traveler in every village of his native land. Byron has not only missed this popular acceptance, but he is without so much as a monument in England. "It is not," as Mr. Disraeli said, "till half a century has elapsed that Englishmen have met for the first time in public meeting to devise some means of a national expression of admiration and gratitude to qualities so transcendent." The reason is that Byron, in his fiery strength, in his license unrestrained by any doctrine of duty, new or old, and imbittered by a lingering dread that the faith taught him in his childhood might be true, threw himself into enjoyment of his life with the energy of some natural force rather than with the zest of a mere libertine. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a poem of deep feeling, has described Heine as a living embodiment of the ironical smile of the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the time. Byron was in the same way an incarnation of its passionate delight in freedom, and in the memory of the ancient liberty of Greece and Rome. The habitual mockery with which he laughed at the compromises and half-measures of his own age of shaly reformations became sincere with eloquent passion when he turned in thought to the memory of the old republics. "Through him," as Lord Lovelace truly said, "and through the fire and energy of his appeal to the natives of the two peninsulas, have those nations, after long centuries of oppression and subjection, emerged into that freedom and regained that liberty of which he was the precursor among them." This was the practical result of Byron's work, and this re-

sult was almost the last side of his influence to strike men in England. Byron's powerful appeal had its share in the birth of that romantic school of literature in Italy which fostered the movement that inspired Mazzini. In Greece, Byron's practical influence has already been recognized by the erection of a statue at Missolonghi. In the minds of Greeks and Italians Byron was Childe Harold, but Childe Harold with a definite purpose—namely, the purpose of awakening the nations of the South to the memory of their old freedom, and to efforts to regain it. In the eyes of Englishmen, Byron has too often seemed the vulgar Don Juan of his letters to Moore. Unlike the poet spoken of by Mr. Tennyson, he did not give us of his best alone, but of all that was in him to give. His revolt against society, his disbelief, his recklessness and bitterness, have been too well remembered, while the essence of his poetic genius, his individuality and strength, have been forgotten after the first flush of his popularity passed away. The years have brought his figure into the proper perspective: we can see him as a poet possessed by the strange fervor of his time, and not to be judged too severely in an age more patient, contemplative, and resigned.

AN article on "Venetian Popular Legends," in *Cornhill*, derived from a collection of fairy and other folk tales made by a native Venetian gentleman named Beroni, contains, among other examples, the subjoined very much altered version of one of the most popular of our fairy-stories:

The Venetian version of "Cinderella" differs from ours chiefly in the circumstance that the heroine is a cinder-wench in the palace of the young king whom she eventually marries. And this young gentleman, occasionally coming into the kitchen to talk to the queen, his mother (who was a model housewife, if one may judge from her constant presence in those regions), sees the dirty, sordid-looking cinder-wench, and takes a violent disgust to her; so much so, indeed, that the first time he beholds her at her duties about the hearth where the cooking is going on, he exclaims, with more frankness than politeness: "Mind you touch nothing, d'ye hear? Because it turns my stomach to look at you!" The first morning after the ball in which the

beautiful stranger has enchanted all eyes, the king comes into the kitchen to talk over the entertainment with the queen, whom he addresses as "sacred majesty mamma." And he goes into ecstasies about the loveliness and splendor of the unknown princess. Cinderella, hearing all this, mutters over and over again, as quickly as she can utter the words, "*Giera-mi, giera-mi*" ("Twas I, 'twas I"). "What's the matter with you," says the king, "that you mutter and mumble and jabber, and no one can make out a word you say? Mind the hearth, and hold your tongue, do!" After the second ball, the same thing happens. But this time Cinderella speaks a little more distinctly; and, when the king describes the marvelous beauty and brilliancy of the unknown lady, she says, "*Giera-mi, giera-mi*!" so as to be heard and understood.

"What's the matter with you *now*, you ugly scarecrow!" said the king, and he took up the tongs and gave her a rap on the pate. But she went on saying, "'Twas I, 'twas I! yes, yes, 'twas I!" "Well," said the king, "I sha'n't argue any more with this ugly fright, for, if I did, I feel that I should kill her outright."

The slipper plays but a small part in the Venetian "Cinderella." It is not made of glass, but of diamonds; and Cinderella does not lose it after the ball, but throws it to the servants whom the king sets to watch her and discover whither she goes, in order that, while they are scrambling for it, she may get clear off. His majesty falls sick of love and disappointment, takes to his bed, and refuses food. For several days he will eat nothing, but at length he calls his "sacred majesty mamma," and says that, if she will make him a bread-soup, he thinks he can eat it. But she must prepare it with her own hands, and let no one else touch it. Above all, she is to take care that the cinder-wench does not come near the soup. Sacred majesty mamma promises to do as he desires. She makes the soup, and cooks it over the fire, watching all the while that the scarecrow of a cinder-wench does not touch it. But for one moment her majesty looks away from the gaucepan, and in that moment Cinderella drops into the soup a diamond ring which the king had put on her finger at the last ball. This, of course, leads to the discovery of the whole story, and the missing diamond slipper is fitted on to Cinderella's foot as an additional corroboration of her identity with the beautiful stranger.

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